BIN

Scribner's

MAGAZINE

January, 1939
Vol. 105, No. 1

Our February cover is by Alexander Brook. Cover line: "Portrait of a Caricaturist"... This issue will also bring the winner of the second prize (five hundred dollars) in our Life in the United States Contest (see page 4) . . . And another personal-experience story whose title should interest Lucius Beebe: "Cafeteria Society" . . . The "Scribner's Examines" story for February will be on an actor who is having perhaps as great an influence on American thought as anyone in the theater . . . Other high spots include the important liquor story by Will Irwin which we spoke of last month . . . And an examination by John T. Flynn of an American business development of tremendous import . . . Also a SCRIBNER'S preview which may even eclipse the two much-discussed ones published in 1938: "Advertising the Next War" and "Electing a Republican President." This one is by Josef Israels, II . . . And, in addition to still other items, there will be a particularly interesting and fresh development of our "Life in the U. S. *Photographic*" . . . Plus, of course, the sixth SCRIBNER'S Short Novel.

Page	ARTICLES	*by*
7	SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES: Pare Lorentz	W. L. WHITE
12	Drunken Driver. *Life in the United States*	WILLIAM DAVISON
21	The Newspaper Guild	HENRY F. PRINGLE
26	Personal Attention. *Life in the United States*	RUTH K. FORINASH
29	The Press Agent Takes Over	LOU WEDEMAR
38	I Wish and I Wonder. *Life in the United States*	MARGARET MACPHAIL
	FICTION	
16	One Last Wilderness. *Scribner's Short Novel*	WALLACE STEGNER
	FEATURES	
15	The Birds. *Verse*	ROBERT HERRIDGE
24	The Scribner Quiz	IRVING D. TRESSLER
32	Life in the U. S. *Photographic*	
40	don herold examines:	DON HEROLD
56	431 B. C. *Verse*	ROBERT NATHAN
	DEPARTMENTS	
4	Straws in the Wind	THE EDITORS
52	Music and Records	RICHARD GILBERT
54	Wines, Spirits, and Good Living	G. SELMER FOUGNER
57	Books	
	Biography	DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN
	Fiction	CARL VAN DOREN
	Foreign Affairs	WILLIAM L. LANGER
	Mysteries	S. S. VAN DINE
	Art	THOMAS CRAVEN
66	Education	R. B.
68	Dogs in the Field. *Kennel*	ARTHUR E. PATTERSON

Cover Painting by EUGENE SPEICHER

Courtesy of the Rehn Galleries

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HARLAN LOGAN, *Editor-Publisher;* DON WHARTON, *Executive Editor;* HARRY O. DIAMOND, *Art Director;* LOMBARD JONES, JAMES R. MILLER, WALTER WALKER, *Associate Editors;* WARREN MAYERS, *Business Manager;* W. EDWIN CLAPHAM, *Treasurer.* Published monthly, 25¢ a copy; $2.50 a year; Foreign, $3.50. Copyright, 1938, in the U. S., Canada, and Great Britain by Harlan Logan Associates, Inc. All rights reserved. No article may be reprinted in whole or part without permission. Manuscripts must be accompanied by postage. Not responsible for unsolicited material. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry, Philadelphia. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada.

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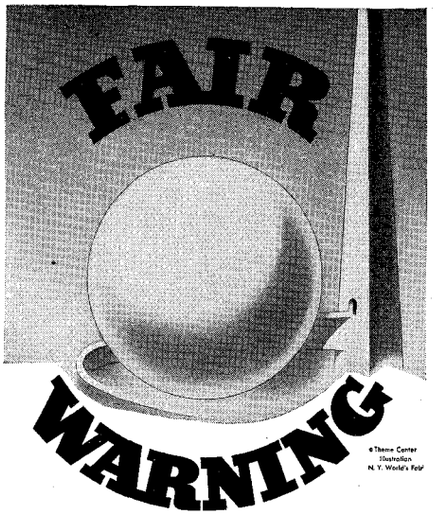

REMEMBER, you're not the *only* woman who is planning to visit New York for the World's Fair. And you're not the *only* woman who is counting on the comfort and convenience of this famous club to make her trip a success.

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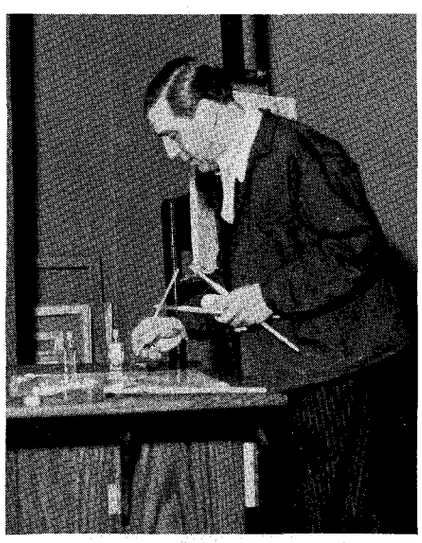
STRAWS IN THE WIND

Blacksmith (*See Cover*)

Vincent "Red" Moore is a man of parts in Woodstock, New York. He will shoe your horse and advise you on potato planting. He will tell you where to hunt and fish and whether it's likely to rain. He is, according to Eugene Speicher, who did this portrait, a man of vast natural wisdom, a dignified and independent son of the soil.

Speicher has portrayed many such strong characters since he entered art school thirty years ago. Born and raised in Buffalo, he had distinguished himself



Eugene Speicher

in high school athletics and lumber-yard work before the desire to paint overcame him. By 1909 he was in New York attending classes at Robert Henri's school. Three of his fellow students were George Bellows, Guy Pène duBois, and Rockwell Kent.

Probably no American artist has risen to lasting prominence more quickly than Speicher. In the early 1920's he was a popular portraitist, getting six or eight commissions a year, and making a pot of money. But that didn't satisfy him. In 1926 he halted the aim-to-please business and has since refused many commissions. He now sends his paintings to the Rehn Galleries to be sold if people care to buy them. And they do.

Speicher's fullback figure, swarthy face, and robust laugh are familiar to all denizens of Woodstock, where he has lived since 1910. He is in his studio every day from 9:00 A.M. until mid-afternoon. Three or four times a week he plays golf, and if that doesn't relax him, he pokes around in a flower garden.

A few weeks from now he will come into New York for his annual winter visit. He will paint in his duplex studio apartment on East Sixty-sixth Street and play squash at the N. Y. Athletic Club. Then, after a scant three months, he will catch a breath of spring air and hustle back to Woodstock.

Prize-winners

Our recently closed Life in the United States contest yielded more than 6000 manuscripts from 5613 writers. After a period of intensive reading and judging, we are pleased to announce the names of the thirteen winning articles and their authors. First prize ($1000) goes to "Drunken Driver" (in this issue), by William Davison; second prize ($500) to "I Pick 'em Up," by Bergen Evans of Northwestern University's English department; third prize ($250) to "Big Broadcast of 1938," by Grace McIlrath Ellis, Marengo, Iowa. The following ten will each receive a prize of $100: "A Death in the Family," by Zaner Faust, Canton, Ohio; "Campus Wife," Anonymous; "Country Newspaper," by Mary Russell, Portola, California; "Fifteen Every Week," by Fred Berbig, Memphis, Tennessee; "I Held a Circuit," by Nola Akard, Boise, Idaho; "I Raced With the President of the United States," by Mrs. A. E. Kamp, Froid, Montana; "I Wish and I Wonder," by Margaret Macphail, Salt Lake City, Utah; "Incident at Dawn," by Charles Moir Kenyon, Providence, Rhode Island; "Personal Attention," by Ruth K. Forinash, Morenci, Arizona; "Cafeteria Society," by Louise Levitas, New York City.

S. Q. 100

William Cleveland, a twenty-two-year-old apprentice machinist in the Goodrich plant at Akron, Ohio, writes in to tell us that he scored a perfect 100 in the October "Scribner Quiz." His is the first such claim we have ever received. He says he took his copy of SCRIBNER'S to a bridge-club party, had the president read the fifty questions to all present, and wrote his answers on the back of a score pad.

"I was the most surprised person

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there," he confesses, "and it was only with a good deal of tall explaining that I was able to convince the gang my score was on the up and up." To convince us, he enclosed the paper he had used, and we're satisfied.

Overrated

Incomplete returns are now in from our November feature on the most overrated people in history. We list below the twenty categories into which the people were divided, and, after each one, the names ranked first and second by readers:

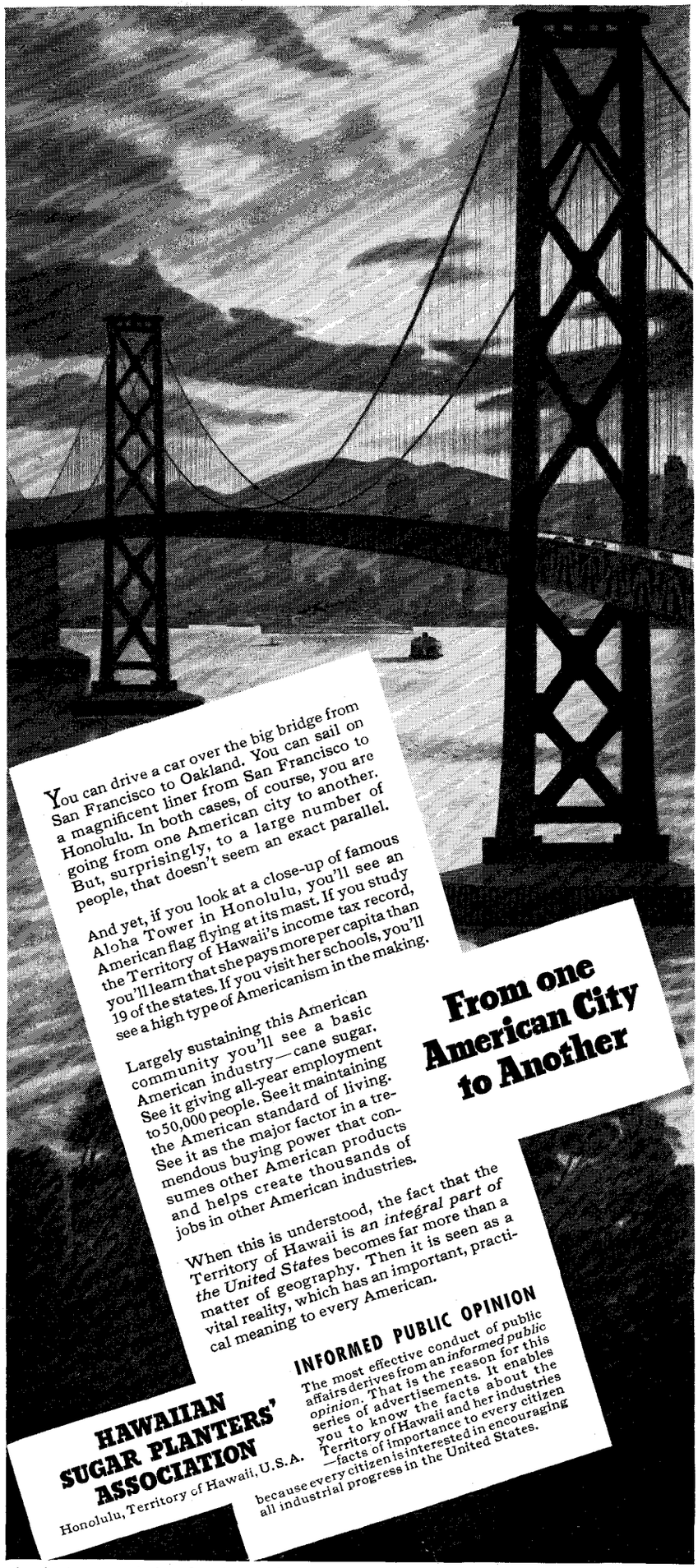
Generalissimos—Francisco Franco, Lawrence of Arabia; Theorists—Sigmund Freud, Rexford Guy Tugwell; Innovators—Coué, Mrs. Dionne; Lovers—Rudolph Valentino, Duke of Windsor; Litterateurs—Elinor Glyn, Ernest Hemingway; Empire Builders—Al Smith, Samuel Insull; Propagandists—Bishop Cannon, Joseph Paul Goebbels; People Cut Off in Their Prime—Jean Harlow, Huey Long; Cave Men—Bernarr MacFadden, Richard Halliburton; Talkers—Adolf Hitler, F. D. Roosevelt; Sea Lords—Admiral George Dewey, Popeye; Adventurers—Douglas Corrigan, Lindbergh; Heroes—Paul Revere, Sergeant Alvin York; Sirens—Sally Rand, Hedy Lamarr; Pests—Dorothy Thompson, Duchess of Windsor; Exiles—Lindbergh, Leon Trotsky; Villains—John Dillinger, James J. Hines; Powers Behind the Throne—Rasputin, Henry Cabot Lodge; Exhibitionists—Elsa Maxwell, Aimee Semple McPherson; Prophets—Herbert Hoover, James A. Farley.

Calling All Novelists

We would like to call attention to the Random House-Scribner's Magazine Short Novel Competition announced in this issue. For details about the awards, which add up to $4000, see the advertisement on page 58.

Notes

Henry F. Pringle is now finishing what will be the first definitive biography of Taft. . . . W. L. White wrote the earlier "Scribner's Examines" piece on Joseph V. Connolly. . . . Lou Wedemar is a reporter on the N. Y. *Daily News* via the *World-Telegram* and International News Service. . . . Margaret Macphail lives in Salt Lake City. . . . Ruth K. Forinash was a reporter on the local paper in Caldwell, Kansas, during the period described in her article. . . . William Davison is a pseudonym. . . . Wallace Stegner is twenty-nine, has spent the past eight years teaching and writing. His first novel was *Remembering Laughter.*


From one American City to Another
You can drive a car over the big bridge from San Francisco to Oakland. You can sail on a magnificent liner from San Francisco to Honolulu. In both cases, of course, you are going from one American city to another. But, surprisingly, to a large number of people, that doesn't seem an exact parallel.
And yet, if you look at a close-up of famous Aloha Tower in Honolulu, you'll see an American flag flying at its mast. If you study the Territory of Hawaii's income tax record, you'll learn that she pays more per capita than 19 of the states. If you visit her schools, you'll see a high type of Americanism in the making.
Largely sustaining this American community you'll see a basic American industry—cane sugar. See it giving all-year employment to 50,000 people. See it maintaining the American standard of living. See it as the major factor in a tremendous buying power that consumes other American products and helps create thousands of jobs in other American industries.
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Scribner's
MAGAZINE
Volume 105, Number 1 January, 1939

BOB LEAVITT

Pare Lorentz

BY W. L. WHITE

SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES: *the head man of Government motion pictures... his powerful documentary films... his ingenuity, personal dramatics, and jousts with Hollywood*

PARE LORENTZ is in one respect the opposite of most New Dealers. Instead of coining phrases, he has been gradually taking an old favorite out of circulation. His entire Governmental career has had the effect of making a simile obsolete. Before Lorentz, people were frequently saying "as dry as a Government report." Today such talk is archaic nonsense. To use the simile is to admit to careless speech and ignorance of an important Governmental activity.

Lorentz has remade the vernacular by putting Government reports out in the form of motion pictures containing blank verse, symphonies by the New York Philhar-

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monic Orchestra, and a voice from the Metropolitan. His success has been sufficient to make him one of the most influential young men in the nation. After his first Government film, the Government gave him two and a half times as much money to spend on the second. After the second, the Government created the United States Film Service and put him in charge as co-ordinator of all Government pictures. It is a bewildering sequence of events for a young man who three years ago was a movie critic, and who now finds himself arranging statistics to music, in a division of the Government rapidly growing in influence and importance.

II

LORENTZ was born in West Virginia in 1905. He briefly attended a Methodist college and his state university, where he edited its humorous monthly *Moonshine,* leaving higher education in his junior year to come to New York when he was nineteen. His first job was editing a utility house organ, a position which imposed so many restraints that he left to become *Judge's* movie critic. He also has done movie reviews for *Vanity Fair,* the New York *Journal, Town and Country,* and *McCall's,* and has worked for *Time, Fortune,* and *Newsweek.* If some of his critical writing carried the brittle tinsel of the roaring twenties (Lorentz was disdainfully Menckenesque about "yokels" and "rustics"), he never withheld generous praise from sound realism and honest reporting of American life on the screen. He wrote, in collaboration with Morris Ernst, a book on movie censorship, *The Private Life of the Movies,* and edited a volume of news pictures, *The Roosevelt Year*—shots of 1933's farm riots and bread lines with captions reminiscent of Laurence Stallings' *The First World War.*

On the strength of this second book Joseph V. Connolly hired Lorentz to do a Washington column for Hearst's King Features, but after the appearance of a column praising Henry Wallace and the Government's farm program, Lorentz was fired by a telegram from San Simeon; Mr. Hearst had instructed his editors that Wallace was a madman. Thus Lorentz's Washington sojourn was brief and unimportant, save for the friends he made. Among them were John Carter, a New Deal publicity man who writes under the name of Jay Franklin, and Henry Wallace's secretary, James La Cron, with whom Lorentz discussed the idea of turning his book *The Roosevelt Year* into a movie.

Back in New York, he was storming against Hollywood in his various magazine outlets, praising the few realists like Director King Vidor, but clamoring that a social revolution was in progress and crying to be photographed while most studios ground out the same old escape stuff. An answer came from an unexpected quarter. James La Cron wrote that Secretary Wallace felt there could be better Government movies, so why didn't he come down to talk it over? When Lorentz arrived, he was turned over to Tugwell's Resettlement Administration, the expansive womb where many other New Deal ideas were gestating. Enthusiastically he talked it out with La Cron and Carter.

INTERNATIONAL

Sec'y Wallace admitted there could be better Government films, hired Lorentz to make them

INTERNATIONAL

King Vidor was one of the few who heeded Lorentz's pleas for Hollywood co-operation

The Department of Agriculture had for years been turning out miles of dreary shorts, dealing with such technicalities as hog breeding, white diarrhea, and the life cycle of the botfly. These films, understandably, had a limited appeal. But from them a bigger idea began to emerge. Over highballs the new idea took shape. Instead of twenty movies a year the Department would make only one—but that a film good enough to play in theaters. Thus was born *The Plow That Broke the Plains,* the first documentary film financed by the Roosevelt Administration.

It is not accurate to say that they decided to make a documentary film, because Lorentz now insists he had never heard this term until he was told he had made one. Yet it was already a word to conjure with among a small but growing cult, who even today cannot define it except by example. The movement seems to have been sired—on this continent, at least—by the American Flaherty Brothers, who, in the 1900's, went to the South Seas to produce *Moana* and to Alaska to make *Nanook of the North.* Instead of taking along a shipload of stars and extras, the Flaherties relied on the natives for their cast, using paid professional actors in only one or two leading rôles. The Flaherties reduced the movies' conventional plot to a mere vestige, leaving just enough to hold the attention of Hollywood-trained audiences, and focusing interest on

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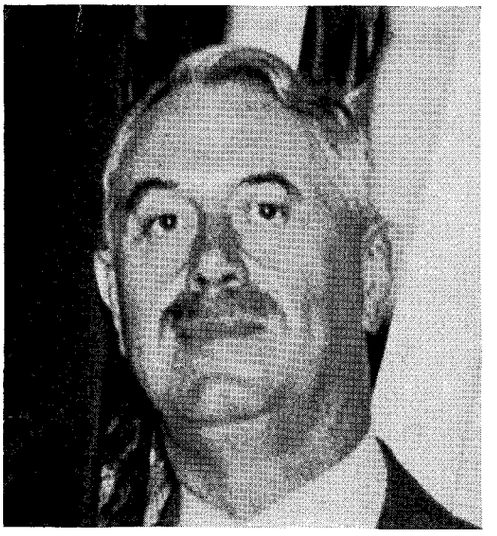
the life and customs of a people. It was escape stuff in a sense—it took the reader to gorgeous scenery at the ends of civilization—yet it had a rugged honesty.

Parallel with all this, things were bubbling in Russia, and if the Soviets were short on studio technicians, they had plenty of fresh ideas. One of these was born of the revolutionary doctrine that the leader is nothing and the masses everything (it was before the days when the Commissars began justifying their summer villas and eight-cylinder cars). So in the new epics of their great director, Sergei Eisenstein, boy couldn't meet girl because there was neither boy nor girl. Instead, there might be the construction of a tractor and its triumphant arrival in a village.

ACME

James Joyce said of The River's *prose, "the most beautiful I have heard in ten years."*



INTERNATIONAL

Col. McCormick's Chicago Tribune *said, "It's aim is to win acceptance for a falsehood."*

III

If Pare Lorentz had never heard of documentary films, this certainly was not true of his colleagues. After sweating over the scenario of what was to become his famous dust-bowl picture, *The Plow That Broke the Plains,* he assembled a camera crew each of whom shared in some way his own rebellion against the Hollywood formula. Ralph Steiner's stills had been honored by inclusion in *U. S. Camera* and his experimental movie shorts "H_2O," "Granite," and "Pie in the Sky" had taken several prizes. Paul Strand, a pupil of the great still photographer Steiglitz, had studied documentaries in Russia, and was fresh from Mexico, where he had produced for that government a brilliantly photographed documentary *The Wave,* which had a fisherman's strike for a hero. These two and Leo Hurwitz, Strand's assistant, were all members of Frontier Films, a New York group promoting documentaries with a keen interest in the Russian branch of their ancestry.

The cameramen were puzzled over the scenario Lorentz handed them, although Lorentz insists that professionals like King Vidor understood it perfectly. Lorentz knew exactly what he wanted to say in the picture, but he could not express it in the precise jargon of the cutting room. He muttered in musical terms. The scenario was baffling, largely because it was couched in three dimensions—music and poetry and film—elements which, combined, were to give depth to the picture, but which made a muddy scenario. Also, while Lorentz knew in general the difference between the camera's tripod and its lens, his information stopped a little beyond this point. So Strand and Hurwitz, working in the field, prepared their own shooting script and submitted it to Lorentz.

He didn't like it. His reason brings out another difference in viewpoint. He said they wanted it to be all about human greed, and how lousy our social system was. And he couldn't see what this had to do with dust storms. For Pare Lorentz, in spite of the impact of his work, will get socking mad if you tag him as a "leftist" or with any other cultist label, artistic or political. He insists he's a realist, and that there is a big difference—that he's just a strong New Dealer, and that he can't see all this uproar about Russian movies. Of course Eisenstein is a great director, but, Lorentz argues, just as many stinking movies come out of Moscow as are produced by any Hollywood outfit.

The cameramen, defending their shooting script, insisted that he was lightly skimming over the basic causes of dust storms to dramatize their immediate effects. After a turbulent session, they agreed to go on with the picture, but would take no responsibility for it. Lorentz presently left for Hollywood, where he hoped to beg some bits to fill in the gaps of his historical outline. He threw himself on the mercies of his friend King Vidor, who did what he could, but Lorentz reports he was kicked out of every major Hollywood studio. It was the year before the election, and the occupants of Hollywood's most ornate swivel chairs didn't like the idea of any government making a movie—Roosevelt's in particular. Yet his real friends, the actual working film people—actors and directors with big names—bootlegged what he wanted. After pausing to shoot the arrival of drought-stricken farmers in California (they were fleeing the dust bowl at the rate of 50,000 a month), he flew back to New York. Here Government red tape tied his hands, and he was forced to edit the picture practically in his lap and on his desk at *Judge,* until, after two months, he got authorization to lease a cutting room on Long Island.

The Plow That Broke the Plains, like every documentary, was made in the cutting room. First he ran off the

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film to see what he had, and made some obvious cuts. Then he attacked the picture simultaneously on all fronts.

For the music he selected Virgil Thompson, whose eerie tunes had won acclaim in Gertrude Stein's *Four Saints in Three Acts.* Research on old tunes of the high plains had been under way for months.

For the narration he picked his friend Thomas Chalmers, fellow member of the Players Club, who shares Lorentz's detestation of professional narrators. Chalmers, a metropolitan star in the days of Caruso and more recently an actor, has an unforgettably mellow American voice, uncontaminated by the mushy-mouth Oxford drawl of the Broadway ham.

INTERNATIONAL

When Lorentz threatened to resign, Rexford Tugwell cut red tape and upped his salary

During a typical working evening of those final hectic nights in Lorentz's New York apartment, you might find him dictating lines to his secretary while, on the sofa, Chalmers is mumbling through previous pages. At the piano, Thompson picks out harmonies for a cowboy tune. Lorentz interrupts himself to take over the piano, showing Thompson roughly the kind of minor effect he wants just at that point. Then he listens to Chalmers, perhaps takes away the manuscript to blue-pencil a couple of redundant words, so the lines will flow smoothly. Then he picks up where he left off with his secretary—and so on far into the night. Finally, words and music were synchronized at the control desk with the running time of the film, and the picture was done:

"This is a record of land," sang the prologue,
"of soil, rather than people,
A story of the Great Plains:
a high, treeless continent,
Without rivers, without streams. . . .
A country of high winds,
and sun,
and of little rain."

Voice, music, and pictures made the rape of 400,000,000 acres more moving than the downfall of any Hollywood blonde.

Certainly it moved the critics. *The Plow's* first big break came when Fred Othman of the United Press walked out of its Washington preview to write a full-column rave which landed on page one of twenty-one papers. But when it came to distribution, it ran into a stone wall. The eight big booking companies said thumbs down, and they gave a variety of reasons. Lorentz was sure they were not the real ones. So he packed the film cans of *The Plow* into suitcases and set out with a team of Government press agents—three ex-newspapermen—to buck the booking trust. Arriving in a town, they would arrange a preview for the working press. Just before the film came on Lorentz would say, "If you like it, please say this picture can't be shown in your town." The result was a press book full of reviews which would have been the envy of a super-colossal, and the opening of many small, second-run, non-chain theaters to *The Plow.* It was even billed in a few big first-run houses, but in each instance these bookings were mysteriously cancelled. Government regulations did not allow Resettlement to charge for *The Plow,* and the chains would not take it as a gift.

Its Broadway run was by courtesy of Arthur Mayer, a rebellious spirit who billed it at his Rialto with an enormous poster of a hand, thumb pointing toward the sidewalk, with the caption "Hollywood Says Thumbs Down!"

While even the Republican press was unanimous in praise, there were minor squawks. An anguished Texas booster yelled that this drought propaganda was a travesty on the most glorious state in the Union. And in the Dakotas a suspicious Republican candidate for office branded the whole picture as a malicious lie in support of the New Deal canard that a drought existed in his state.

But good reviews don't make up for unpaid vouchers, and *The Plow's* finances were still tangled in red tape, Lorentz having advanced some of the money himself. His principal gripe, in making movies for the Government, is the necessity of counting pennies and accounting for pencils. For his working time he had received $18.06 a day—slightly less than his cameramen got. His requisitions for supplies, services of experts, and unusual expenses had been held up for months, and many ultimately came out of his own pocket. Lorentz argues that when entertaining Nick Schenk on Government business, he can hardly uphold the dignity of the Federal Republic by receiving Nick in a hall bedroom. So, with his own money, he hires a suitable suite at the Beverly-Wiltshire. Thus, Mr. Schenk does not leave with the suspicion that the United States Government may turn out to be some one-cylinder outfit doing a 2 x 4 business. But maintaining the necessary Hollywood front was only a small part of it. Lorentz out of his magazine salaries and even from his wife's stage earnings (she is Sally Bates) had advanced much money for what he felt were necessary expenses, which were not allowed by the auditors—with the result that he had made *The Plow* at a heavy personal loss.

Overwhelmed by these troubles, he walked into Tugwell's office to resign. He poured out his heart and, when it was empty—as he moved toward the door—he faced a map of the Mississippi on the wall. "There," he said, jerking a thumb at the writhing line, "you guys are missing the biggest story in the world—the Mississippi River!"

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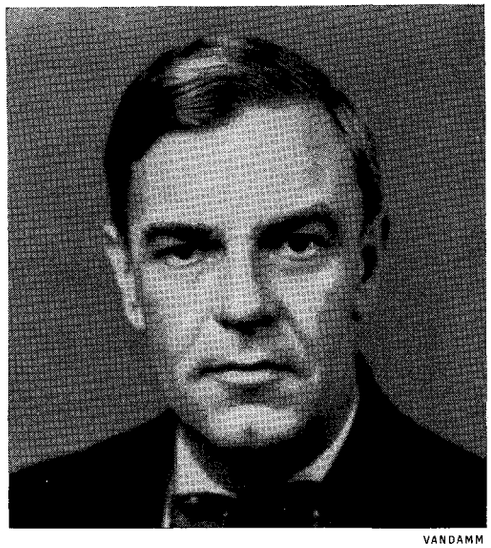
Tugwell hauled him back to a chair, refused his resignation, increased his future per-diem allowance to $30 a day (perhaps in consideration for his losses on *The Plow*), and Lorentz plunged into a period of omnivorous reading, becoming inflamed with ideas by the plodding prose of the Report of the Mississippi Valley Commission, Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi,* and the blueprints of army engineers.

IV

WHEN Lorentz looked at the River itself, he threw his scenario away. Photographically it was the world's dullest subject—a vast belly of water with a faraway line of trees on the opposite shore. Watching the stuff squirm past, he began to see that the story was not the River but its people, and what it had done for and to them.

He got what was for the Government a generous allowance and began on a fresh scenario. A new camera team with whom Lorentz had no trouble—he explains they were professionals, not cultists—covered 26,000 miles, and when they thought they were through, rains in the upper basin brought on the great floods of 1936. Lorentz commandeered places for his cameramen in coast-guard boats and planes which flew over drowning cities. By January of 1937 they were done, and he was back in the cutting room faced with 80,000 feet of film which had to come down to 3000. It took from January to June—eighteen feverish hours a day, Lorentz insists—most of them in the cutting room.



VANDAMM

Thomas Chalmers, singer and actor, was the mellow-voiced narrator in Lorentz's films

And then Pare Lorentz wrote what was presently to be pronounced by James Joyce, king of stylists, "the most beautiful prose I have heard in ten years."

"From as far west as Idaho--
Down from the glacier peaks of the Rockies—
From as far east as New York
Down from the Turkey Ridges of the Alleghanies—
Down from Minnesota, twenty-five hundred miles,
The Mississippi River runs to the Gulf."

In three reels the story of the River is woven into tridimensional poetry—pictures, music, chanted prose—soil-mining, eroded land, cut-over forests. Of its sharecroppers he wrote:

"A generation whose people knew Frémont and Custer,
But a generation facing a life of dirt and poverty,
Disease and drudgery—
Growing up without proper food, medical care or schooling
And in the greatest river valley in the world,"

—this from the pen which had been elegantly disdainful of "yokels" and "rustics" of the Bible Belt.

While praise of *The Plow* had been unanimous, some of it was tepid. But important critics gave *The River* all their Grade-A adjectives. The New York *Times* called it "one of the finest films ever made." The only important dissent was a howl from the Chicago *Tribune,* where Colonel McCormick's editorial writer found that "the whole purpose of the picture is to bamboozle the taxpayer at his own expense into approving enormously larger expenditures of his own money," and, quoting some of Lorentz's booming cadences, snorted that "the production is on the intellectual level of a voodoo ceremonial. Its aim is to win acceptance for a falsehood!"

In point of artistic fact, the weakest spots in both pictures are their endings – the TVA shots which conclude *The River* (although Lorentz defends this) and even more so the shots of a Greenbelt Community which originally bounced along at the end of *The Plow* but which, with the demise of the Resettlement Administration, have happily been removed. Lorentz had stated both problems so eloquently that the Government's attempts to answer them seemed inadequate—as unconvincing as the Hollywood happy endings which he rants against.

The West Coast powers which control the Motion Picture Academy Awards barred *The River* from competing, but Lorentz could soon laugh at this, for in the fall word came from Europe that it had won first prize over seventy other documentaries in the annual Venice exposition, which ranks as the Nobel Prize for movies. Also, his distribution problems were over. The Paramount chain agreed to take over *The River,* and it has been shown in more than 4000 American theaters to about 10,000,000 people, as well as in most important European capitals.

V

IN still another way has Hollywood come to Lorentz, for he recently was offered a contract of $1500 a week. He said no—he'd rather make movies for the Government. Not that his present form of garret-starving is particularly gruesome. The Lorentzes live in a spacious pre-Revolutionary house at Sneeden's Landing up the Hudson, where they have the use of Thomas W. Lamont's tennis courts. Lorentz's total take from his movie reviews and the Government probably adds up to $15,000 a year, and this would include his fees on occasional outside jobs, such as whipping into shape a scenario for a group of architects who plan to produce a documentary *The City* on municipal planning, for the World's Fair.

A flare for the drama overflows into his private life. Working in the field, he affects (*continued on page* 42)

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Drunken Driver

WILLIAM DAVISON

A FIRST-HAND *account of a drunk man's car plowing through a crowded sedan . . . the deaths, the investigation, the trial . . . a Life in the United States article*

I WAS WORKING for the State Highway Department, and we were living in a small town about 120 miles from the largest city in the state. After driving a Dodge Victory Six for five years—and a darned good car it was, too—we had managed to acquire a shiny new Studebaker. At least, I had made the down payment on it, and we were embarked on the long journey of monthly installments. Quite a difference between the old bus and the new, and all the family were greatly thrilled. It seemed that we couldn't get enough of driving, so we went flying around, hither and yon, visiting relatives and friends, putting miles on the new car, and getting a big kick out of it.

My oldest boy, Bill, was then twenty-three years old. He had married about five months before all this happened, and he and his wife, Edna, were living in a little place near the oil field where Bill was employed. His wife was a beautiful girl, nineteen years old. They were very much in love with each other, and were as happy a young couple as anybody would want to see. We went down to visit them one Sunday after we got the new car, and had a lot of fun; they were almost as thrilled as we were about the car. Bill and I went out for a spin in it, and I let him drive. He was delighted with its performance, and started figuring right away how he could get one for himself. During the course of the drive, he showed me a bad place in the highway, a reverse curve, where several accidents had occurred since he had been living in the vicinity. The country around there is as flat as a table; a stranger driving along there has no reason to suspect there'll be any curves, and lots of people overlooked this one until it was too late. Later events were to recall vividly to my mind the location of this curve and our conversation about it.

At this time, the NRA was in full swing, and the oil industry was operating under a code that specified how many hours a man could work during a week. Bill was off about two days out of each week, and along about the first of December he and Edna decided to pay us a visit. It was the first time they had been back home since their marriage the July before. We were delighted to have them with us, and glad to see them so happy and full of pep.

When the time came for them to return, my wife decided to take them home in the car, and then to continue on to visit her parents, who lived about forty-five miles from where Bill and Edna were living. Our youngest daughter, Suzanne, who was then eleven years old, was not well at the time, and we had decided to take her out of school and put her on a diet in the hope of building her up. Accordingly, my wife took her along on the trip. Another daughter, Eleanor, fifteen, stayed home with me, and she and I were to hold down the home place while the rest of the family were away on their trip.

That evening, Eleanor and I had had supper and were sort of considering going to a movie, when the phone rang. It was the proprietor of a drugstore downtown, a friend of mine and of everybody's in the town. He told me that he had received word that my car had been in a pretty bad wreck and that I had better call a fellow named Drew, in the town of ——, who could give me more details. I put a call through to the little town without delay, but the operator there gave me one of the worst shocks of my life. She said:

"I am unable to locate Mr. Drew, but if you are calling about that accident, I'll give you the undertaker's."

That was the first intimation I had had that anybody was dead; my legs gave way, and I sank to my knees on the floor. A moment later I was talking to a man who turned out to be the superintendent of the hospital there, and not the undertaker. I identified myself and asked him what had happened. His reply still rings in my ears, and I still feel funny when the phone rings suddenly at night. He said:

"A young woman, about eighteen, dead; an old lady, both legs broken, one arm broken, head injuries, probably fatal; a young man, seriously injured in the chest." I managed to ask: "There was a little girl in the car—how about her?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I'd forgotten about her. She's all right; only slightly hurt." He went on to tell me that the accident had occurred at about six o'clock, that our car was a total wreck, and that he understood the smashup had been caused by a drunken driver running into our car. I found out afterward that the fellow named Drew had known Edna and had identified her body. He had called the drugstore man in our town and told him about the wreck.

I remember telling the hospital official to see that all the injured had the best of care, but I was in a sort of

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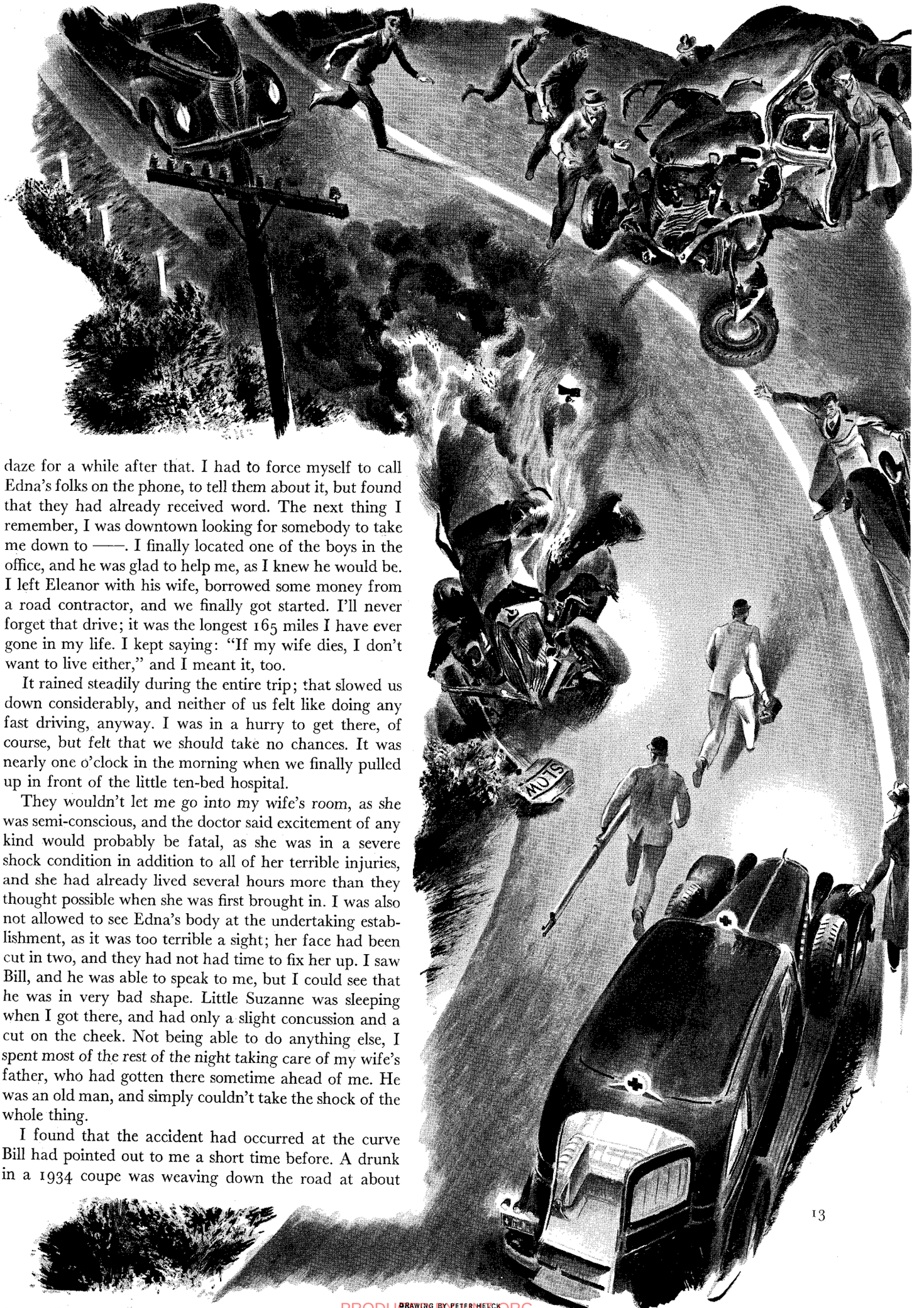

daze for a while after that. I had to force myself to call Edna's folks on the phone, to tell them about it, but found that they had already received word. The next thing I remember, I was downtown looking for somebody to take me down to ——. I finally located one of the boys in the office, and he was glad to help me, as I knew he would be. I left Eleanor with his wife, borrowed some money from a road contractor, and we finally got started. I'll never forget that drive; it was the longest 165 miles I have ever gone in my life. I kept saying: "If my wife dies, I don't want to live either," and I meant it, too.

It rained steadily during the entire trip; that slowed us down considerably, and neither of us felt like doing any fast driving, anyway. I was in a hurry to get there, of course, but felt that we should take no chances. It was nearly one o'clock in the morning when we finally pulled up in front of the little ten-bed hospital.

They wouldn't let me go into my wife's room, as she was semi-conscious, and the doctor said excitement of any kind would probably be fatal, as she was in a severe shock condition in addition to all of her terrible injuries, and she had already lived several hours more than they thought possible when she was first brought in. I was also not allowed to see Edna's body at the undertaking establishment, as it was too terrible a sight; her face had been cut in two, and they had not had time to fix her up. I saw Bill, and he was able to speak to me, but I could see that he was in very bad shape. Little Suzanne was sleeping when I got there, and had only a slight concussion and a cut on the cheek. Not being able to do anything else, I spent most of the rest of the night taking care of my wife's father, who had gotten there sometime ahead of me. He was an old man, and simply couldn't take the shock of the whole thing.

I found that the accident had occurred at the curve Bill had pointed out to me a short time before. A drunk in a 1934 coupe was weaving down the road at about

DRAWING BY PETER HELCK

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seventy. Bill evidently saw him coming, for he pulled off the slab onto the shoulder and came practically to a stop. The drunk was unable to make the reverse curve, and plowed head-on at full speed into the front end of our car. Another car was only a short distance behind ours, going in the same direction. Behind the drunken driver's car was still another car; the latter was chasing the drunk in an effort to get his license number or stop him, as the drunk had run into him a few minutes before. The drivers and passengers in these two cars saw the collision, and all agreed as to how it had happened.

During the night, a garage man called me and told me he had what was left of our car at his place. I went down to look at it, and it was the most terrible looking wreck I have ever seen. The speeding car had plowed right through it, and the trunk was the only undamaged thing about it. It didn't seem possible that anybody could have escaped alive from such a crash. The insurance man came the next day, and they settled for a total loss, paying off the entire balance due on the car and a ten-dollar towing charge and gave me the wreck. The Studebaker people, it later developed, wanted the wreck to make a study of it, and gave me a very liberal price for it.

When the two cars hit, the drunk's car bounced over to the other side of the road and caught fire. In only a few minutes, I was told, there was a great crowd present, as the thing happened on a highway which carries a lot of traffic. The fire was quickly extinguished and the drunk was dragged out, apparently not badly hurt. He went over to our car, but was dragged away. They had a hard time getting Edna out; she was mashed down under the instrument panel, and had died instantly.

Ambulances arrived soon after the wreck occurred. The driver of one of them told me afterward that when they were trying to put my wife into the ambulance, the drunk ran over and grabbed one of the handles of the stretcher. The men almost dropped the stretcher, and it gave my wife a pretty bad jolt. One man slugged the drunk, knocking him down, and dragged him off the road, holding him down in the ditch until the ambulances could be loaded and got going.

My wife had one leg broken in four places, and the other in three; her right arm was broken above the elbow; her scalp was torn from her head and was hanging down inside her coat, attached to her skull by only about three inches of skin. The doctor told me afterward that he did not think she would live two hours when he first looked at her.

Bill died forty hours after the accident; he drowned in his own blood, his lungs having been punctured. The doctors performed an autopsy, with my permission, and according to their report, he was all broken up internally. In fact, they said they did not see how he lived as long as he did. He was an athlete and had a tough young body, and he fought it out to the bitter end. He and Edna were buried together in a double funeral in the home town; her people had delayed the funeral when it became apparent that Bill could not survive.

When all the victims of the wreck—except Edna—were brought into the little hospital, a terrible scene ensued. The drunk was brought in along with them, as he was more or less injured. While the doctors were working on my wife and Bill, the nurses tried to take care of the drunk, but he raged up and down the corridor. They finally sent for the sheriff, who brought one of his deputies with him and tried to subdue the drunk. The officers realized that he should be put in jail, but they refused to imprison him until it had been determined whether or not he had been seriously injured. They finally had to hold him down by force for the doctor's examination. When this was concluded, it was announced that there wasn't much wrong with him, and he was dragged off to jail for the rest of the night.

Bill heard the commotion out in the hall, and heard one of the nurses say: "Oh, you're so drunk you don't know what you are doing." Until he lapsed into unconsciousness just before his death, Bill thought they were talking about him, and he told me, time after time: "Dad, I didn't have a single drink."

Well, the drunk was out of jail the following morning after the crash, his people furnishing the bond of $1750. When Bill died, he was re-arrested, and the bond was increased to $2000. He spent but a single night in jail. I discovered that his people were fairly well off, but that he himself did not have anything. He was twenty-three years old, just about the same age as my boy. I also found that his family were well thought of in the community, and seemingly were related to about half of the people in the county. The boy was confined to his home about three days after the accident.

My wife was in the hospital 107 days; when she left there, her legs were still in casts, and she was in bed another three months at her mother's home and at our home. She started walking on crutches the following August, and could walk fairly well without aid a year after the accident.

My wife's father was a prominent attorney. He determined to do all he could to see that the drunk was punished, and to that end he employed a special investigator, a man who had been a deputy sheriff recently and who knew everybody in the county. As a result of this man's efforts, we finally had depositions from thirty-three persons who had seen the boy drunk during the day of the accident, at the scene of the accident, and afterward.

Months passed, and the case was never brought to trial.

NOTE

This article was selected by the editors of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE as the winner of first prize (one thousand dollars) in our Life in the United States Contest. The contest brought manuscripts from 5613 writers. Their entries were first narrowed down to a hundred, then to fifty, and from the fifty were taken the thirteen prize-winners (see announcement, page 4). In our February and March issues respectively, we plan to publish the manuscripts which won the second and third prizes. Those that won the ten other special awards will be published from time to time; two, in fact, are in this issue: "Personal Attention" (page 26) and "I Wish and I Wonder" (page 38).

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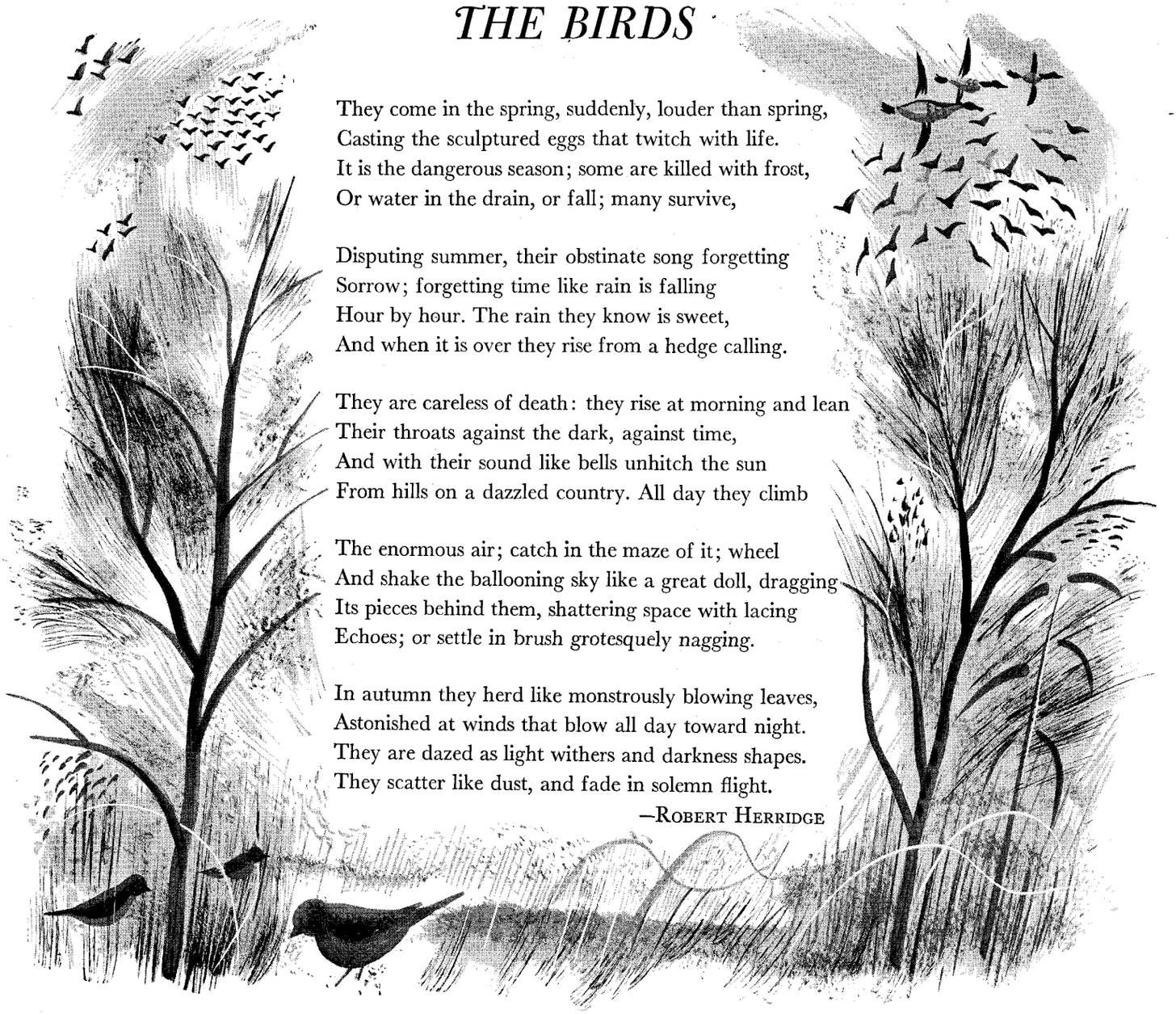
It came up on the calendar twice, and each time the boy's lawyer obtained a continuance. Another time it appeared they were ready for trial, and my father-in-law found that they had nine men on the jury who were related to the boy's family, and our side got a continuance.

At about the time of the accident, a new governor was inaugurated. In one of his public utterances, he had said that one class of criminals who need expect no executive clemency from him was the drunken drivers, and that he believed in severe punishment for them. So I wrote to the governor. I told him all about the case, and asked him if he couldn't do something to get the boy prosecuted and punished as he deserved. He replied that it was indeed a regrettable case, that he sympathized deeply with me, and that he had instructed the Adjutant-General to make a complete investigation and report back to him. When I heard nothing further for several months, I wrote to the Adjutant-General, asking him about it. He replied that he had never heard of the case. Of course, I was a state employee, and the governor was my boss, so there was nothing I could do but take it. But I still think that was one time he had a good chance to make good on his remarks concerning drunken drivers.

Finally, nearly a year after the accident, the case came to trial, or so it was called. At any rate, the boy was allowed to plead guilty, and the stern, implacable judge gave him the following sentence: a fine of $250, and he was not to drive a car for a year.



THE BIRDS

They come in the spring, suddenly, louder than spring,
Casting the sculptured eggs that twitch with life.
It is the dangerous season; some are killed with frost,
Or water in the drain, or fall; many survive,

Disputing summer, their obstinate song forgetting
Sorrow; forgetting time like rain is falling
Hour by hour. The rain they know is sweet,
And when it is over they rise from a hedge calling.

They are careless of death: they rise at morning and lean
Their throats against the dark, against time,
And with their sound like bells unhitch the sun
From hills on a dazzled country. All day they climb

The enormous air; catch in the maze of it; wheel
And shake the ballooning sky like a great doll, dragging
Its pieces behind them, shattering space with lacing
Echoes; or settle in brush grotesquely nagging.

In autumn they herd like monstrously blowing leaves,
Astonished at winds that blow all day toward night.
They are dazed as light withers and darkness shapes.
They scatter like dust, and fade in solemn flight.

—Robert Herridge

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One Last Wilderness

BY WALLACE STEGNER

Author of "Remembering Laughter"

FELIX MANN was up two hours before the sun. With his big black shepherd dog he went down into the slough where the long grass was wet around his boots, and drove the cattle up into the corral for milking. There, with his pale hair tousled and his mackinaw turned up around his ears in the cold pre-dawn, he moved rapidly from cow to cow, lugging the pail and the three-legged stool. Occasionally he stopped to empty the pail into one of the five-gallon cans outside the fence. At the fifth cow Ruby joined him silently, and they worked methodically together until the last one was dry.

By that time the light was clear, and over the rim of the valley a tiny cloud had floated up with the sunfire on its belly. The morning stillness began to dissolve into sound around them as Felix poured foaming milk into buckets for the two frantic calves. A rooster flew to the top rail to crow, and far away, over the steely lake, a fish hawk screamed.

Still working silently, they staggered up the path toward the house. There was a dewy smell of plants, a spicy, barky odor as they passed a clump of chokecherry, and then they entered the milkhouse and dropped the heavy can to the packed-earth floor. Methodically, efficiently, Ruby spread layers of cheesecloth over a stone crock and began straining, while Felix went back for another can. When he had them all up, he helped her strain and pour the milk into bottles and pails, which he set on shelves to cool, above the cold trickle of water that ran through the shed in a V-shaped trough.

In the middle of that job, as if by prearranged signal, Ruby left him, and in a few moments he smelled the smoke of an aspen fire drifting in the door. His son Hickock—Wild Bill for short—came and leaned against the jamb, his bare toes curled and blue with cold.

"All right," his father said. "On the jump now!"

Expertly he boxed a dozen bottles from last night's milking and handed them to the boy, who staggered the load over to the truck parked under the aspens. The whole morning delivery was loaded before Felix relaxed, before he even smiled, before he had time for thinking that it was a nice day again.

He rolled a cigarette and stood contentedly in the sun, letting it warm his body. The baby yowled inside the unpainted frame cabin. The second son, Custer, barefooted like his brother, burst abruptly out into the yard and tackled the dog, rolling over and over with him in the litter of twigs and leaves and spruce needles. The dog, surprised, leaped back and stood stiff-legged, growling, and Felix grinned as the eight-year-old stalked him on hands and knees, snarling in his throat, sticking his bared teeth within an inch of the exposed fangs and glaring straight into the fierce yellow eyes. The dog backed up and wagged a conciliatory tail.

"Atty old ginger!" Felix applauded. "Show him who's boss, General."

Ruby appeared in the kitchen door. "It's ready," she said. She barely got out of the way to let the boys swarm past. When Felix sat down a moment later they were already bent over their plates, sopping up egg yolk with slabs of bread, their cheeks podded like the jowls of pocket gophers.

Their mother broke more eggs into the pan, took up the baby from his crib, opened her dress, and began nursing him while the eggs sputtered and solidified whitely in the hot grease. Then, with the baby still clinging shut-eyed to her breast, she rose and dished up Felix's breakfast with one hand. She was tall, dark, straight as a lodgepole, and she moved with the smooth grace of a barefoot woman. At thirty she was still as round and erect as a girl.

"Sow belly and eggs!" Felix said. "That's what puts hair on you, General."

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"Time I'm fifteen I'm gonna be hairy as a horse in winter time," Wild Bill said. "C'n I have anothern, Ma?"

"Cook your own," Ruby said. "I'm busy."

Wild Bill rose and reached for the pan. "He's got it soft," he said, jerking a thumb at the baby. "He don't have to cook his own."

His father doubled over the table with explosive mirth, choked, strangled, looked at Ruby for confirmation of his joy, and then swallowed his guffaws to speak sternly to the boy. "You go gettin' smart with your ma and I'll trim your ears down now."

"I bet I grow more hair'n you," the General said.

Wild Bill broke the egg and fished out flakes of shell with his fingers, blowing and shaking his hand when he found the grease hot. "Like fun! I'm gonna be hairier'n a hundred-year-old he-bear. I'm gonna have a chest like a snarl-a fishhooks, just like Pa's. Ain't I?"

He reached over and yanked a stiff blond hair from his father's chest, exposed by the open shirt collar. "Just like barbwire," he said.

Felix pretended he was going to cuff him, but Wild Bill only grinned. Then the General arose to fry two more eggs, so that he could be hairier than his brother, and the breakfast degenerated into a contest, while Felix sat back and rolled a cigarette and urged them on. By the time he was ready to leave on his morning deliveries the two were so stuffed they could barely move.

"It's about time Mr. Fletcher was coming," Ruby said.

Rising to get on with the work, Felix nodded. "He ought-a be around in a day or so," he said. "I guess he don't get out-a school till the middle-a June, or so."

II

Leaving Wild Bill behind to help his mother with the churning, Felix booted the General into the truck and they drove out along the trail to Reichert's Lodge, on the main lake. They curved around a low sagebrush flat under the shoulder of the mountain, switched across the timberless hogback, and finally broke over the ridge to see the basin full ahead of them, the long lake cradled in steep aspen slopes. On the north shore the roof of the newly completed lodge was like green lawn, and from the broad porches the lake spread blue. Fishing boats freckled its riffled surface, and the parking lot behind the lodge was packed solid with automobiles.

"Crowds already," Felix said. "Old Reichert won't be satisfied till he gets a half-million people a year up on this mountain."

At cottages between the point and the lodge he stopped to make deliveries of milk and butter and cheese and eggs. It was almost ten o'clock when he arrived in front of Reichert's store and service station, and lugged the heavy milk can inside. George Reichert was standing behind the counter talking to a couple of customers.

Without a trace of a smile on his dark jowly face, Reichert nodded to the dairyman. Felix hauled the can behind the counter, picked up the empty from the day before, and started out. Then Reichert said, "Wait a minute. I want to talk to you."

In a moment the customers left. Felix waited, while Reichert stood staring out the window as if he had forgotten him. General Custer prowled around the store with his hands in his pockets, whistling.

"How's your business this year?" Reichert asked, turning abruptly.

"Oh, pretty fair."

"Many steady customers?"

" 'Bout twenty, generally," Felix said.

"You can't make much that way."

"I make enough."

"That's more than I can say," Reichert said. "This place looks prosperous, but that's all. You can't run a place this far from town at town prices."

What's he telling me all this for? Felix thought. I ain't his bosom pal offering him a shoulder to cry on.

The storekeeper was staring out the window again. "You have a lot of milk left over every day, don't you?"

"Some. We make it into cheese, and Henry sells it in the valley." There's a proposition coming, Felix thought, but let Reichert spill it himself. I ain't going to make it any easier for him.

"Be good if you could sell the whole lot every day," said Reichert. "No waste that way, and less work."

Out of the corner of his eye the dairyman saw General Custer edging close to a display rack of candy bars. He slipped over and led the boy outside by the ear. "You stay out-a here, and keep your claws out-a that candy case."

"Hell," the General said in disgust. "He wasn't watchin'. I could-a got one easy if you'd stayed out of it." He began pegging gravel at a Protect-the-Wild-Flowers sign.

"Yeah," Felix said, coming back. "It'd be nice to sell the works, but there ain't much goes to waste as it is."

"We ought to get together," Reichert said, fronting Felix squarely with his hands thrust down into his jacket pockets. "We're both in the milk business, and there isn't enough for two, unless we play ball with each other."

The dairyman squinted his eyes, watching the broken veins in Reichert's cheekbone. "Whatta you mean, play ball?"

"I'll buy your whole supply. You wholesale it; I'll retail it out of the store. Then we don't interfere with each other at all."

Sucking his cracked lip, Felix pondered. It was pretty obvious that Reichert wanted him out of the running as competition. On the surface, the proposition looked fair enough, but he knew Reichert. Two years before he had squeezed Cal Baker out of this cabin business by buying in with him first and then swallowing him. Reichert now wanted a monopoly on the milk trade so that he could hike prices. He couldn't do it as long as Felix delivered to the cabins at ten cents a quart. Well, let him play his whole hand.

"How much you give me a gallon?"

"What I'm giving you now. Twenty cents. But I'll take the works. You won't have any waste."

Felix still pondered, thinking. You'll buy it for a nickel a quart and sell it for fifteen, and I'll give up the cheese and butter business to let you take over my whole ranch. And I don't see you for a boss, you old gouger. Aloud he said, "Can you handle twenty or twenty-five gallon a day?"

"Maybe not," Reichert said. "Not now, at least. But we won't be in each other's way on that kind of a deal."

"You ain't in my way," Felix said dryly. "Besides you couldn't use it all. Why you want-a pay good money for milk you'd have to throw out? That don't look

Scribner's SHORT NOVEL

In 1937 Wallace Stegner's first book was awarded first prize in the novelette competition sponsored by Little, Brown and Company. Since then he has published several short stories, but "One Last Wilderness" marks his return to the short-novel form which brought him recognition. This story of the modern West is the fifth in our series of Short Novels examining life in the United States.

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like a very good deal for you, Reichert."

"What do you care? If I'm a fool that shouldn't worry you."

"Maybe it ain't so good for me neither," Felix drawled. "I lose all my retail business—hundred dollars a month or so. I lose all my extra milk and cream to make cheese and butter out of. Instead, I get this business that pays me four dollars a day or so, when I could make five or six the other way."

Reichert moved impatiently against the counter. "How would twenty-five cents a gallon suit you?"

Felix let his eyes open in childlike wonder at the other's benevolence in paying more than he ought to for more milk than he needed, and his yawn spread into a grin. "No better," he said. "I like it better the way it is."

"You're being a damn fool," said the storekeeper. "How much will you take for your ranch?"

"Why, I guess I don't want to sell her."

"Not at any price, eh?"

Felix deliberately lit a cigarette. "Not at any price," he said.

Reichert's throat swelled under the dark oily skin, and a nerve twitched at the corner of his eye. "I'm making you fair offers. But let me tell you right now, I've got too much invested around here to stand for little piddling competitors cutting my throat."

"I wouldn't call no names," Felix said, enjoying himself.

Reichert whirled the can out into the middle of the floor. "Take it back. You're through selling me anything."

"It's a pleasure," said Felix. He lifted the can and carried it back to the truck. The other followed him to the door.

"When you want to talk business," he said, "I'll talk to you. But if you don't, you'll find out it pays to play ball with me."

"To hell with you!" Felix exploded. He grabbed the gaping General and boosted him into the cab. "I'm one thing on this mountain that ain't for sale."

He started the engine, went into low wide open, and was off in a rush, spraying gravel against Reichert's new red gas pumps.

"What was he sore about?" the General asked. "Why was you two arguin'? Whyn't you pop him one?"

The dairyman grinned at his son. "I wanted to save him for you, General. A couple more-a them egg breakfasts and you could take him."

"I could take him right now," the General piped. "I'll fix the old square-head. I'll knock the bottoms out-a all his boats. I'll bust his winders, I'll . . ."

"You'll get your tail in a sling, too. But you got the right idee, General. You're a fightin' man like your granddaddy, ain't you, kid?"

"You bet I'm a fightin' man. And I'll be hairier'n Bill and tough as dog meat. Old Reichert, he thinks he's tough! When I get through with him he'll be so dizzy he won't be able to find his hind end with both hands."

III

When they got home Ruby was in the milkhouse, working a wad of butter with a wooden paddle against the clean wet board, turning, pressing, squeezing out drops of blue buttermilk from the yellow pad. The shed was full of the damp, fresh dairy smell.

Ruby looked up in surprise as her husband brought the full can in. "What's the matter?"

"Had a little fight with Reichert. He ain't buying from us any more."

"What'd he say?" His wife's back straightened, and the paddle lay quiet on the golden butter.

Felix told her. "He wants to hog the whole mountain. I don't see sellin' out to him just so's I c'n have a boss."

"That's a dollar a day," Ruby said, looking at the can.

"Hell, we'll just make a little more cheese. Reichert ain't the only customer in the state."

There was a shadow of a smile on Ruby's still face. She had been working steadily for almost six hours, and it was not yet noon. "It's a little less work to sell it out of the can."

Felix put an arm around her, let it slip down until he was spanking her lightly on the bottom. "I'm the cheese-maker," he said. "There ain't a better cheese-maker in the county than my pa's boy." The paddle began squeezing out blue drops again.

"Think-a that old buzzard!" Felix said. "We'd be workin' our heads off for four bucks a day, and inside-a three weeks we'd be niggers with Reichert's label on us. I seen what he done to Cal Baker. None-a that for me!"

Absent-mindedly he began cleaning out the churn that Wild Bill had left standing. "I got another idea, too. All the cabins on this side are short-a firewood. I'm gonna rig up that old buzz saw and go into the wood business."

Looking at him obliquely, Ruby chuckled. "When you gonna sleep?"

"A man like me," said Felix, beating on his chest, "don't need no sleep. I'm gonna make fur fly around here before you can say kawinishkabalonaton-kanozay!"

"What's that mean?" asked General Custer from the doorway.

"That means get down to that chicken house and collect them eggs 'stead-a standin' there like a toad dodgin' thunder."

"I'll eat a dozen of 'em raw," said the General, starting.

"Hey!" came Wild Bill's voice from the yard. "Somebody's comin' up the road."

"It's the Perfessor!" Custer yelled.

The two boys were off at a gallop, to come riding up the draw a moment later on the running boards of the car. Driving it was Professor Fletcher of the University of Arizona, who for two summers had been making the mountains a base for geological trips into the plateau wilderness beyond. The last summer, tiring of the tourist crowds around Reichert's, and liking the dairyman, he had camped across the creek and boarded with the Manns, with a promise to be back the following June.

Big and brown and genial, he shook hands around with exuberant cordiality. "Hello, hello, hello! Lord, it's good to get back into real country again. I could smell the aspens and chokecherry blossoms clear down the dugway. How've you been?"

He talked steadily for a half-hour, sparred with the boys, made friends over again with the stiff-legged, suspicious dog. And after lunch, accompanied by Wild Bill and the General, he went off to pitch his tent in the grove of aspen across the creek.

In the milkhouse Felix spoke to his wife with satisfaction. "I'm glad Fletcher's around. I like him."

"He'll make up some for losing Reichert's business," Ruby said. "But I'm afraid the kids will pester him to death."

"He'll take care of himself," Felix said. "Besides, I'm gonna keep them kids busy on the woodpile."

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The next morning Fletcher spoke to Felix over breakfast. "Last summer you told me you knew of a lost lake on this mountain," he said. "I want to hunt it up. Come on now, where is it?"

"If I told you you'd write a book and inside a month they'd have a bunch-a CCC guys buildin' a trail to it."

Fletcher laughed. "I won't tell a soul. I'm just curious. But what's the sense of a lake nobody knows about?"

The dairyman gestured with a loaf of bread. "Look at what they done to the big lake. That lodge and a hundred cabins, speedboats, movie stars, Fourth-a-July dances, hell! There's gettin' to be too many fat old dames in pants moseyin' through the woods yankin' up all the columbines."

"You shouldn't kick about the tourists. They're your bread and butter."

"I don't truck with Reichert's overnighters," Felix said. "I deal with the folks in cabins-a their own. They're a little better. But these others! I'll be go to hell if I see any reason for them livin' at all. I rent 'em horses once in a while, and they're so scared they'll get piled they bring the horses back here with their mouths all sawed to hell and gone. Let 'em stay where they belong, down on Reichert's end. There's no call to spoil a whole mountain."

"He just talks that way," Ruby said, nursing the baby by the stove. "He likes people."

"Not these fly-by-nights!" Felix snorted. Why—"

Fletcher laughed and said, "Now calm down and tell me how to find this lost lake. Or are you saving it for a hideout when you shoot Reichert?"

"I might be," Felix grinned. "My old man used to say it's allus nice to have a place to run to."

"Come on," said Fletcher. "Spill your secret. I won't tell anybody—cross my heart."

"All right. Only no mappin' it! You know where Short Creek comes down into Twelve Mile?"

"About fifteen miles up the canyon."

"All right. Go up Short Creek until you come to a place where it bubbles up out-a the bottom-a the gully. Looks like a spring there, but it ain't. Runs underground, see? You gotta follow it by ear, and you gotta have pretty good ears, too. It's tough walkin', jammed with brush and rocks and uphill as hell. After about three quarters of a mile you hit the creek again, where it goes under. It's fairly level there, and you follow it back for about a mile, maybe a little more, till it splits into two forks. You can tell that place because it's all meadow, full-a red willow. Right there you turn due north up the God-awfulest mountain you ever seen. The spruce is thicker'n pin feathers on a duck, and there ain't even a deer trail through it. You keep buckin' that till your eyes are clawed out and your clothes in rags, and then she levels off again in heavy timber. It's just about as solid as a rock wall. But right in the middle-a that, maybe a half-mile from where the mountain levels off, is the lake. You'll prob'ly fall in it, it shows so sudden."

"Sounds easy," Fletcher said, making notes.

"Easy like catchin' a minny in your hands." Felix grinned. "Even the Indians didn't know about that one. My old man found her when he got separated from his gang in the Black Hawk war, with the woods full-a Piutes. He holed up there for a week."

"Doesn't anybody ever go up on that part of the mountain?"

"Naw. It's twenty miles from here, and there's nothin' to go for. Gunderson's been a ranger here twelve years, and he ain't never got closer'n the mouth-a Short Creek."

"Well," said Fletcher, rising, "if you don't ever see me again you'll know what happened. I've been looking for an inaccessible wilderness ever since I was a kid and read about the Hole-in-the-Wall outfit."

IV

After breakfast, Felix watched Fletcher pull away toward Twelve Mile, and then started with his deliveries. When he returned he set to work rigging up the buzz saw and the one-lunged motor that had sat unused in the chicken house for three years.

He cleaned up the old motor, built it a nest of planks, and fussed over it until he got it coughing an asthmatic protest into the timber. Then he stood

back with the General, who had been hanging around handing him tools, and hollered for Wild Bill, who was, against his own wishes, molding butter in the milkhouse. Wild Bill dropped his molds and came on the run.

"Go down and saddle Jenny," Felix said. "And then start haulin' poles. Pine or spruce."

The boy was off for the pasture like a sprinter, and in ten minutes he came galloping up the draw fanning the mare with his hat. He pulled up in a shower of needles and dust.

"All right, now," Felix warned. "You run that mare down the hill with a log behind and I'll tear your pelt off."

"I'll come around them corners with my vest pocket scoopin' dust," Wild Bill said. He banged his naked heels against the mare's flanks and was off again, the useless stirrups flying.

"That kid," said Felix, looking after him with a trace of pride on his face, "ain't got no more sense'n you have, General."

"He ain't got as much," said the General. "Sometime pretty soon I'm gonna lick him just to show him it c'n be done."

After a few minutes' more tinkering, Felix strung the belt over motor and saw, started the motor again, and watched the blade, newly scoured and sharpened, whine into a white blur. Ruby, with her black braids over her breast, came to the door of the milkhouse to watch. Down the coulee came Wild Bill with a trimmed spruce pole dragging behind, digging its butt into the mold, kicking up a cloud of dust, the horse mincing sideways to keep the taut rope off the rider's leg. General Custer untied the rope; Felix ran the butt end into the saw horse; there was a rasping whine, and a stove length hit the ground.

"She works!" yelled the General.

To keep him away from the fascinating teeth, Felix gave him the job of poking the long poles, length by length, into the sawhorse. And when Fletcher, driving in at five-thirty, hot and sweating and pimpled with mosquito bites, climbed out of his car and walked into the coulee, there was a sizeable pile of sawed lengths and another of trimmed poles brought in by Wild Bill. Felix, stripped to his undershirt, was splitting the lengths into stovewood.

He sank the ax into the chopping block and grinned at the sodden geologist. "Find the lake?"

The other looked at him suspiciously. "Were you pulling my leg, you buzzard?"

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"Sure not. Couldn't you find her?"

"I went exactly by your directions," Fletcher said, sitting down on the woodpile. "I followed Short Creek till it disappeared. I trailed it by the sound till it showed up again. That took me all morning, because I lost it twice and had to go back. But finally I got up to the forks, and then I took out my compass and went straight north. And I swear to you on a library of bibles a mouse couldn't get through the timber on that hill. So I tried circling it and got lost, and the mosquitoes were thicker than the brush. Then I started back to get a new start, and missed the fork. I've been all afternoon getting out of that place and finding Twelve Mile again. There isn't any such lake."

The dairyman slapped his leg and roared. "General," he said, when he got his wind, "you go up to the house and ask your ma for the whiskey jug. And no samplin' it on the way, neither."

To Fletcher he said, "She's there all right, Perfessor. You was prob'ly within a mile of her. The year after my old man found her he homesteaded this ranch, and just for curiosity he went back to find her again. Took him almost a week. And he knew pretty well where she was, too. So maybe by August you'll have her located."

"The hell with it," Fletcher said. "I wouldn't work that hard again to find a diamond mine. What's all this sawing going on?"

"Reichert's tryin' to squeeze me into sellin' out the milk business, so I'm gonna be a lumberjack on the side."

General Custer appeared, swinging the jug around his ears and knocking twigs off the aspens with it. "Here, gimme that!" Felix yelled. He grabbed the boy's wrist, disengaged the jug, and pulled him close to smell his breath. "Just like I thought," he said. He boosted the boy four feet with a kick in the rear, and grinned at the General's look of pained amazement.

"Little suckers'd drink tanbark if I told 'em not to," he said to Fletcher.

But Fletcher was thinking about Reichert. "He's trying to squeeze you out, is he?"

"He wants the ranch. Whatever way he put his proposition, that's what it'd boil down to."

"I'd watch him," Fletcher said seriously. "He can cause you trouble."

"What trouble? All he c'n do is quit buyin'. He can't take my reg'lar customers. I'm too solid with 'em." He reached for the jug.

"Maybe not," Fletcher said, passing it over, "but he's got money, and the Forest Service listens to him. A fellow was telling me last winter what a fine job Reichert was doing building up this lake as a recreational center. He can pull wires."

"The hell with him. He already owns the lodge and the sawmill and all the cabins and the store and service station and all the boats and guides. He's got his name on ever'thing around here but the spruce trees and me."

He tipped the jug for a long drink, blew, and pointed his finger. "But," he said, "he ain't ever gonna label me. He won't never put no sign on me that says 'Reichert's Mann.'"

V

Fletcher left early in the morning for a three-day pack trip into the hills, and shortly afterward Felix pulled out with a dozen wired bundles of firewood and his milk deliveries. In the cabin Ruby moved rapidly from chore to chore, caring for the baby, putting cheese in the press, skimming the broad crocks of milk, washing and boiling the bottles. Occasionally she glanced out to make sure that the boys, who were running the saw alone, had not cut off an arm or leg. She was taking a short rest on the kitchen stoop when Felix returned. He came around the house grinning, his pale hair sticking wispily from under his big hat, his hand jingling in a trouser pocket.

"Sold the works," he said. "Boy, this is a gold mine. I c'n sell all I c'n cut."

"How much d'you make?" Ruby tossed a heavy braid over her shoulder and smiled up at him.

"Dollar twenty. Ten cents a bundle. I was sold out 'fore I was halfway down. I'll get a load on tomorrow."

"You'll run yourself into the ground tryin' to do two jobs. Besides, I need one of the kids for myself. I'm petered out, between the baby and the dairying."

"You c'n have the General. But we gotta dig into this business. Well, just look at it! Dollar twenty just for a little odd work when I wasn't doin' nothin' else in particular. I'll take Bill and whack out three bucks' worth this afternoon."

Twenty wired bundles of wood went on the truck the next morning, and only two came back. In the afternoon Felix attacked the pile of poles Wild Bill had hauled during the morning, interrupting his labors only in time for the evening milking. When he rolled into his bunk that night beside Ruby his head was full of dollar signs and mathematical computations, and he was contemplating a sign for his truck: "Felix Mann, Dairy and Firewood," or "Mann's Dairy and Firewood Company," or "Felix Mann, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Milk, Firewood." He was still juggling choices when he fell asleep.

But the next morning, loading the truck in the first warming sun, he saw Gunderson, the ranger, riding up the trail on his black gelding. Gunderson was a big, loose-jointed, buck-toothed man, of proverbial good nature. This morning he looked apologetic.

"I got to warn you about this wood business, Fix. Not on my own hook," he added hurriedly. "I wouldn't care if you sold all the wood on the mountain. That down timber all ought to be cleaned out. But when Reichert comes around protesting that you're selling wood without a permit, I have to tell you about it. He could bust me if I didn't."

Picking a wad of spruce gum from a chunk of wood, Felix rolled it between his fingers. His speckled hazel eyes searched the ranger's until Gunderson spread his hands and made a face. "Don't get sore at me, Fix. Reichert says you're peddling wood on the reserve without getting permission. That's all I know."

"I cut that wood on my own place," Felix said. "I ain't takin' no reservation wood."

"I know. I told Reichert that. But it's the peddling that matters. You'll have to write the superintendent."

"What results will that get?"

"Well," Gunderson said cautiously, easing a scarred boot up over the pommel and reaching for a plug, "ordinarily there'd be nothing to it. There's no reason why permission shouldn't be granted for that. None at all. Only right now, I wonder . . ."

"You wonder if Reichert ain't got it sewed up for himself already. So do I. Damn it, I'll bet a hundred dollars he's got that permit, and cut me out, before I c'n get a letter in the mail."

"I wish I'd known before," Gunderson said. "We could have got it all fixed before Reichert knew about it."

Felix spat on the ground and hauled a bundle off the truck. His forehead was wrinkled, and his eyes squinted into slits. He turned suddenly on the ranger. "C'n I use your phone?"

"Sure."

Fifteen minutes later, in the ranger station, Felix cranked the handle and got Richland, waited while the receiver crackled and popped in his ear, waited thinking of what he would say when the connection was made. "Here's your party," the (*continued on page* 44)

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The Newspaper Guild

HENRY F. PRINGLE

AN ANALYSIS *of a young and vigorous union . . . its politics, strike tactics, leadership, and finances . . . its effects upon reporting and working conditions*

THE unionization of American newspapermen is a fact that has been accomplished in five years. It is an amazing fact, considering that reporters and legmen are not natural joiners. Yet in five years the American Newspaper Guild has enrolled a third of the newspapermen of America. Enrolled them, not in a professional society, as the name might imply, but in a union, and made them an integral part of organized labor.

Thus, the American Newspaper Guild has gone through all the mutations of American labor—starting as a vague, club-like league, turning then into the craft unionism of the AFL, and finally settling down as an affiliate of John L. Lewis's CIO. Today the American Newspaper Guild has 17,000 members, of whom about 3000 work in the non-editorial branches of their papers; has branches in 500 newspaper shops (out of a total of 1900 dailies and some 10,000 weeklies and semi-weeklies); has contracts with 81 newspapers, syndicates, press associations, and broadcasting stations; has informal agreements with 22, and the Guild (or closed) shop in 21.

In short, the Guild is a small union of rapid growth and tremendous potentialities. Its growth, potentialities, and methods have raised the biggest question confronting newspapers in America: Is a free press jeopardized by a newspaper corps declaring open allegiance to organized labor?

II

"OUR work in organizing the newspaper industry has only just begun," said Victor Pasche, the secretary-treasurer of the ANG at the Toronto convention last June. "In our original jurisdiction we have not yet enrolled half our strength, while in the new departments [business] we have barely scratched the surface . . ."

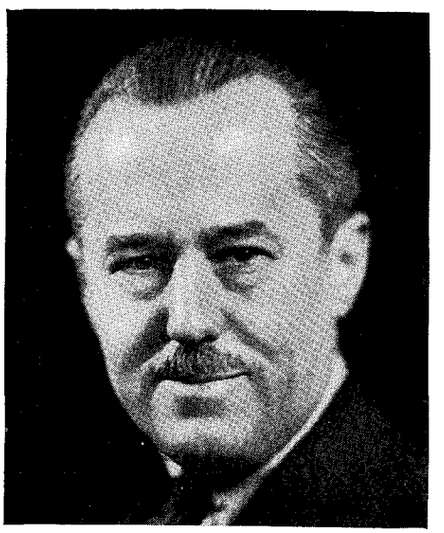
The delegates assembled in Toronto could, however, look back upon a year of definite accomplishment. The editorial membership had grown in a year from 11,112 to 13,505; of eleven strikes, the ANG claimed nine victories and admitted one defeat. One struggle was still in progress. Forty new contracts had been signed as compared with thirty-seven in the previous four years of the Guild's existence.

The Toronto delegates could not, however, evade grave problems which confronted them. Chief of these, perhaps, was the financial one. The ANG showed an operating loss of $18,000 for the fiscal year just ended and an arrears of $50,000 in dues owed the national treasury. Nor was the convention without critics of the ANG's policies, although most of the criticism was under the surface rather than expressed. Charges were circulated, though, that too great a degree of centralization had been effected; that the international officers were, by far, too influential; and that the ANG was following an unwise and probably dangerous policy in adopting resolutions on behalf of Loyalist Spain, independent political action, the Supreme Court enlargement program, and other social and political causes.

Behind the perplexities of the Guild lie, I am certain, basic characteristics of the average newspaperman. He may not be the swashbuckling boozer of theatrical and movie versions, but he has, very

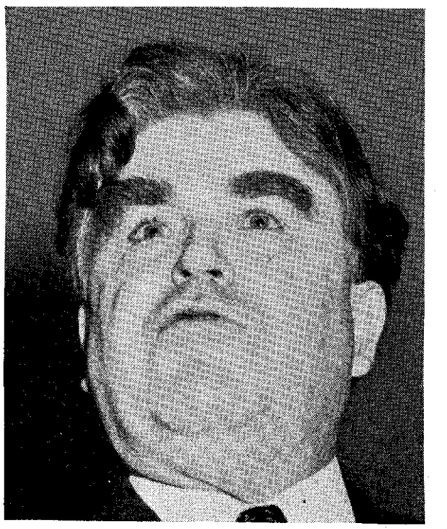
ACME

Heywood Broun, father of the Guild, now serving his fifth term as its president



ACME

One of the union's strongest opponents in the closed shop issue is Roy W. Howard



ACME

At its 1937 convention the Guild swung from the AFL to John L. Lewis's CIO

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definitely, a mind of his own. He resents intrusion on his freedom of thought and action. And he is, as has been said, no joiner. Your typical newspaperman, until now, has declined to affiliate himself with his fellows, even for social purposes. The majority of press clubs have been failures, sooner or later taken over by press agents and advertising men. Sporadic attempts to form newspaper unions during the past fifty years have been quickly abandoned.

Nor does a newspaperman like to be bothered with paying dues. Those of the Guild are hardly burdensome. In most locals they range from $1.50 to $3 a month, of which seventy-five cents a month is to go to the national treasury. But attempts by the Guild to obtain "check-off" privileges have, quite naturally, been resisted by publishers. The best scheme thus far devised is a collection table near the cashier's office on payday. Even this hasn't worked. Newspapermen, all too often, have drawn heavily in advance on their week's salary and owe all the balance when payday comes. Suggestions offered at the Toronto convention were:

That members who have not paid up be forced to sit in special seats at chapter meetings "so that their shame may be witnessed by all."

That delinquents be posted.

That collectors be given commissions.

Thus, the newspaperman's independence is a knotty problem for the Guild. However, a growing consciousness of the price the newspaperman paid for that independence is in part responsible for the Guild's success. The reporter or rewrite man was the first to be fired when hard times hit any paper. He was quite without protection for his old age. He worked far too long and too hard. His pay was lamentably low; a nationwide survey made by the Guild as it got under way disclosed that the average salary for a reporter after twenty years of service was $38 a week. Meanwhile, the newspaperman, cherishing his individualism, watched greater and greater security and higher wages come to the unionized printers, linotypers, stereotypers, and pressmen who worked in his own shop.

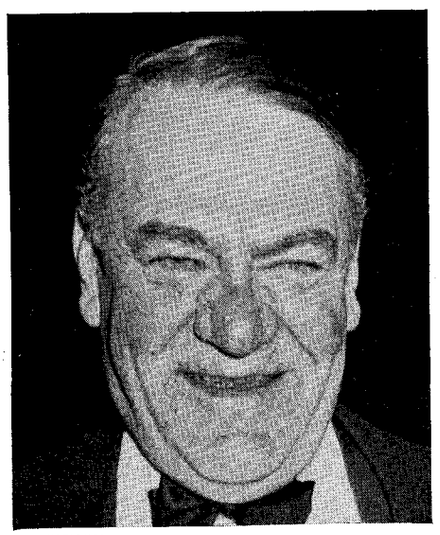
Shortsighted publishers were chiefly responsible for the birth of the Guild and a few of them, by their unbridled attacks on the ANG, are now its greatest stimulus. The Guild has tasted blood. It has won some major strikes, often with the help of long-established and sympathetic labor unions. In Seattle, the struggle with the *Post-Intelligencer* might have been lost had it not been for the truckmen. The strike against the *Citizen-News* of Hollywood was aided by the musicians' union. Most serious of all, from the publishers' viewpoint, is the demonstrated ability of the Guild to win strikes by intimidating advertisers to the point where they cancel their space. It is a brave merchant who will continue to advertise in an anti-Guild paper in the face of picket lines around his establishment. The *Guild Reporter,* official organ of the ANG, prints weekly lists of advertisers who continue to use offending newspapers.

III

Heywood Broun is the Eugene Debs of the crusade to organize newspaper workers. He has done everything for the Guild except go to jail. He was present at the birth and he has just been elected president for a fifth term. At one time he was giving the movement highly valuable publicity in his syndicated column and, though he has stopped that, his prestige probably still draws many a reporter into the ranks.

The American Newspaper Guild was born on December 15, 1933, when a handful of newspapermen met in Washington. They had no particular authority to organize anything. But Broun, Jonathan Eddy, Carl Randeau, Allen Raymond, and other well-known journalists —mainly from New York—had been active in the NRA negotiations to set up a newspaper code. This code was to specify wages, hours, and working conditions, but the employees, as Broun discovered, were hopelessly unorganized. So he sounded a call in his column, and the December 15 meeting was the result. The veterans of that solemn conclave were among the delegates to the first convention, held the following June. They organized themselves into a "Giraffe Club"—the name being due to their willingness to stick out their necks against possible dismissal for union activity. Broun became the first (and thus far the only) president.

Nobody had a very clear idea of the precise nature of the newly born Guild. A group among its members regarded it as merely a professional organization, similar to the American Bar Association or the American Medical Association, which would strive for higher ethics. They were undoubtedly encouraged in this by an element in the publishing industry which viewed with horrified alarm the possibility that the ANG would turn out to be a union. The time was ripe for one. To the peril of insecurity on many newspapers had been added the burden of salary cuts, some-



INTERNATIONAL

Wash., D. C., Guild barred Gen. Johnson, held he was anti-labor when NRA boss

ACME

Mayor La Guardia served as mediator in the Guild's first strike, which it won

ACME

No. 1 publisher to accept a Guild contract was J. David Stern of the New York Post

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times as severe as forty per cent. The younger editorial workers, in particular, were eager to protect themselves by joint action.

The ANG's first skirmish was with William Randolph Hearst and it ended in a draw. R. L. Burgess of the San Francisco *Examiner* had been elected chairman of the local guild and dismissed, supposedly on personal order from the Lord of San Simeon. Although an editorial writer of excellent standing, Burgess was declared to be incompetent. His case was dismissed by the regional NRA board for lack of jurisdiction. Hearst's militant hostility was wholly obvious, however. A music critic on the same paper, employed for twenty-one years, was demoted to the lowly rank of hotel reporter because he revealed his sympathy with the Guild. But the Guild was not yet strong enough to strike. Later, it did so—against a small paper on Long Island where a number of reporters were fired. The publisher offered to take them back if they would quit the Guild. This was a direct challenge to the union's existence, and picket lines were established. Mayor La Guardia of New York offered his services as mediator, and in a few days the publishers gave in. A major strike still lay ahead. Not a few members were disturbed at the prospect. Could they persuade themselves to picket? Was it proper for newspapermen to attempt a boycott against the advertisers who persisted in buying space in an anti-Guild paper?

Meanwhile, the Guild was not without a few friends among publishers. The honor of being the first big-time publisher to sign a Guild contract was quickly seized by J. David Stern, publisher of the New York *Post* and of papers in Philadelphia and Camden. But the most important publishing support probably came from Joseph Medill Patterson, publisher of the New York *Daily News*. Colonel Patterson not only signed a Guild contract, but also announced: "If I were a reporter myself, as I used to be, I would apply for membership in the Guild."

These contracts provided for the Guild Shop, center of the bitterest controversy aroused by the ANG. For example, the Guild Shop is one phase of unionization which Roy Howard, chairman of Scripps-Howard papers, has announced he will fight to the death. It is also one provision which the Guild, in its 1937 convention, resolved should be insisted on in all contracts. That was the resolution, but it hasn't been enforced and probably won't be. Nevertheless, the Guild Shop is a big issue. Its main specification is that the employer may pick a new man anywhere he likes but that the employee must join the union within six months after being hired. The Guild denies this is a "closed shop," while publishers insist that if it isn't the "closed shop" it is something just as bad. They point out that the Guild Shop prevents them from hiring writers who, for one reason or another, don't want to belong to the Guild. Suppose that a Pulitzer prize-winner, for instance, is opposed to belonging to any organization. Then, the publishers say, they can't hire him. They can't hire a non-union reporter, editorial writer, legman, cartoonist, or photographer, however talented, as long as he is adamant in his opposition to the ANG.

IV

In its 1936 convention the Guild voted to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor. At the same gathering the members took action which was a forerunner of a policy which has caused no small dissension in the ANG ranks. Resolutions were adopted on behalf of freedom of the press and international peace. These were harmless enough. An additional resolution, however, expressed sympathy with the Farmer-Labor political movement and recommended that local Guild branches co-operate with Farmer-Labor and "other labor groups for the purpose of providing independent political action of labor."

By 1937 the Guild's passing of resolutions had become a virtual mania. It was a strange aberration for newspapermen who for years had been bored covering meetings at which resolutions were drearily adopted. The 1937 gathering declared it the sense of the meeting:

That Fascism must be defeated in Spain.

That $3,000,000,000 be appropriated for the WPA.

That Tom Mooney and Warren Billings be liberated.

That the plan of President Roosevelt to enlarge the Supreme Court deserved support.

At the 1938 convention the Guild again condemned Fascism, resolved to join with other unions in a boycott of goods made in Japan, and urged united trade-union action "in defense of democracy and labor's rights against such industrialists as Henry Ford and Tom Girdler. . . ."

The writer happens to agree, in the main, with all these resolutions. But their adoption by a gathering of newspapermen, whose job it is impartially to report the news, seems to me highly improper. The (*continued on page* 42)

ACME

Licked in Seattle Post-Intelligencer *strike Hearst made John Boettiger its publisher*

ACME

John W. Davis lost the AP's Court fight to oust Morris Watson, Guild officer

INTERNATIONAL

The Guild got a boost when Col. Patterson of the N. Y. Daily News *signed up*

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The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

DRAWINGS BY DIMON

JANUARY is always a blow to the nerves and the conscience. It begins with fine resolutions and winds up in a spirit of ribald cynicism. But if you've made that vague resolve to improve your mind, the Quiz may help. The questions are just hard enough so that a low scorer needn't despair, just easy enough to keep the high scorer from self-satisfaction. A nice balance, and Mr. Tressler has resolved to maintain it all year.

For new readers, we include these directions for determining their S.Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*). Read each question. Check the answer you trust. When you have completed the fifty questions, look up the answers and deduct two points for each error. Subtract from 100 for your score. (*Answers on page* 67.)

1. During his October, 1938, visit to Germany Colonel Lindbergh was presented with.....by the German Government:

(1) an honorary Nazi colonelcy *(2) a medal*
(3) a new Messerschmitt fighting plane
(4) a gold-framed copy of the only joke ever cracked by Adolf Hitler

2. Two turkeys argued over just where cranberries are grown, and the decision was:

(1) on cranberry trees *(2) on dusty vines*
(3) in cranberry bogs *(4) underground*
(5) inside of squash-like gourds

3. As they pulled him out of the wreck, he clutched his clavicle and moaned:

(1) "I've broken my collarbone!"
(2) "Oh-oh! The pain in my ankle!"
(3) "Call a doctor—it's my knee cap!"

4. Last October, Western Union announced it would probably have to fire over 3000 messenger boys because of:

(1) a marked preference for droopy pants

(2) union activities in behalf of the CIO
(3) the new Federal corporation taxes
(4) the Federal Fair Labor Standards Act

5. "This is a snood!" snarled the wife, pointing to the contraption she wore:

(1) around her hips *(2) under her arches*
(3) over her brassiere *(4) about her neck*
(5) around her hair *(6) over her teeth*

6. "Seward's Folly" was the derisive title given at the time to:

(1) the purchase of Alaska
(2) the construction of the Titanic
(3) an unfortunate love affair of the presidentially-ambitious Secretary of State

7. Westbrook Pegler's widely read newspaper column is called:

(1) Take It or Leave It *(2) My Day*
(3) Fair Enough *(4) Round the Clock*
(5) Day by Day *(6) That's Telling 'Em!*

8. To most students of photography the name Matthew Brady is well-known for:

(1) studies of the bedbug's home life
(2) photographic history of the Civil War
(3) studies of fifteen U. S. Presidents
(4) record of the Wrights' flights

9. The only reigning queen in Europe is Queen ..... of the Netherlands:

(1) Beatrix *(2) Juliana* *(3) Isabella*
(4) Emma *(5) Wilhelmina* *(6) Christina*

10. Few ballet dancers have flat feet, and the Liberty Bell was cracked when:

(1) tolled at John Marshall's funeral
(2) hit by a shot in the Revolution
(3) frozen during the winter of 1847-48
(4) the 1936 election returns came in

11. William Gibbs McAdoo lost the Senatorial renomination in California, but he has a nice new job now as:

(1) head of the New Deal's FSCC
(2) vice-president of Southern Pacific
(3) chairman of the Amer. President Lines

12. "Oh, Captain," giggled the passenger, "what's that nickname used for a ship's radio operator?" And the captain replied:

(1) "Dot Dash" *(2) "Sparks"* *(3) "The Key"*
(4) "Crackles" *(5) "The Sendman"*

13. On which California mountain is the 200-inch telescope being assembled?

(1) Mt. Wilson *(2) Mt. Gorgas*
(3) Mt. McDonald *(4) Mt. Palomar*
(5) Mt. Capistrano *(6) Mt. Whitney*

14. If you ordered a braised leg of lamb at a restaurant, it would have been cooked:

(1) on a grate over red-hot coals *(2) in fat*
(3) in a covered dish with scant water
(4) in a casserole at a low temperature

15. Neville Chamberlain gained much of his previous diplomatic experience as:

(1) Mayor of the City of Birmingham
(2) Secretary of Foreign Affairs
(3) British Colonial Secretary
(4) Glasgow delegate in Commons

16. If you were a bride, your husband might blushingly present you with one of these after the ceremony:

(1) a half nelson *(2) a corvette*
(3) a leprechaun *(4) a buss*

17. One of these things happened to the liner *Queen Mary* last fall:

(1) She was sideswiped by Kate Smith
(2) She docked without tugs in New York
(3) She had a fire aboard in mid-ocean
(4) Her stewards refused to serve Nazis

18. If the Army should stage another aerial attack "blackout" in North Carolina, it would probably be spoiled again because of:

(1) the headlights of autos on highways
(2) traffic lights at intersections
(3) men and women lighting cigarettes
(4) the shining eyes of N. C. girls

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19. Calories in food are measured for diets, and calories themselves measure:
(1) the fat content *(2) the weight*
(3) the heat-producing value *(4) the iron*
(5) the sugar content *(6) the acid content*

20. For many years one of these railroads has advertised itself as "The Route of the Big Baked Potato":
(1) Great Northern *(2) Northern Pacific*
(3) Boston & Maine *(4) Reading*
(5) Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific

21. Anyone interviewing the Italian Count Theo Rossi would probably query him on his chief interest:
(1) speedboat racing *(2) Fascism*
(3) improvement of U. S.-Italian good will
(4) marine exploration *(5) flying*

22. "Fletcherize" was a popular term thirty years ago and referred to a vogue for:
(1) wearing loose-fitting clothing
(2) marriage only by elopement
(3) thoroughly chewing one's food
(4) muscular exercise upon arising

23. If ever you suffer from tinnitus don't be alarmed; it's only a:
(1) spasmodic bleeding of the gums
(2) ringing or whistling in the ears
(3) series of violent hiccoughs

24. If a doggery is a tough barroom or saloon, then a cattery is a:
(1) place for keeping or raising cats
(2) jam session *(3) shed for curing hams*
(4) gathering of gossipy women

25. In "tonnage" one of these persons in the news outweighs any of the others:
(1) Queen of England *(2) Paul J. Goebbels*
(3) Elsa Maxwell *(4) Harpo Marx*
(5) Lily Pons *(6) Duchess of Windsor*

26. The name of *Gertrude L. Thebaud* should bring up thoughts of:
(1) a champion Roosevelt milk-cow
(2) an early Abolitionist leader
(3) Atlantic fishing-schooner races
(4) an 1890 female advocate of smoking

27. When a listener to a swing orchestra shouts, "Listen to him slap the doghouse!" he compliments the man who plays the:
(1) trumpet *(2) trap drums* *(3) trombone*
(4) saxophone *(5) bull fiddle* *(6) clarinet*

28. Which one of these is a city that has not yet been occupied by the Japanese in the Chinese-Japanese War?
(1) Tientsin *(2) Canton* *(3) Hankow*
(4) Lucknow *(5) Nanking* *(6) Shanghai*

29. It was in an adult-education class that the teacher gave the pupils these six words, with one correctly spelled:
(1) mayonaise *(2) langourous*
(3) promiscouity *(4) tercentenary*
(5) braggadosio *(6) hallibut*

30. Mary Pickford and Jaqueline Cochran have each gone into the separate but identical businesses of:
(1) publishing *(2) make-up schools*
(3) raising purebred cocker spaniels
(4) manufacturing cosmetics
(5) selling real estate *(6) dress designing*

31. On a morning newspaper the "lobster trick" refers to:
(1) a joke played on all staff newcomers
(2) the covering of fires and accidents
(3) rewriting the boss's son's copy
(4) the dawn hours after the paper has gone to press

32. Who wrote that best-seller called *My Son, My Son!*?
(1) Howard Spring *(2) Victor Heiser*
(3) Elizabeth Madox Roberts
(4) Virginia Woolf *(5) Rachel Field*

33. Creatures that remain in a state of torpor during the summer are known as:
(1) members of Congress *(2) estivators*
(3) hibernators *(4) torpidates*

34. The liner *Titanic* was sunk by an iceberg and the *Lusitania* by a torpedo, but in 1915 the steamship *Eastland:*
(1) ran aground off Cape Hatteras
(2) caught fire off the coast of Ireland
(3) overturned in the Chicago River

35. Just before the ski jumper jumped, a spectator bellowed: "Which one of these statements is true?":
(1) Mutt is shorter than Jeff
(2) a peccadillo is a pig-like mammal
(3) the word dissident means dissipated
(4) an airplane cannot run backwards

36. Let's hope your divorce suit won't drag out as long as Fanny Brice's against:
(1) Jimmy Durante *(2) Frank Morgan*
(3) Billy Rose *(4) Leon Errol*
(5) W. C. Fields *(6) Jimmy Savo*

37. The new dirigible recently completed and christened in Germany is named:
(1) Graf Zeppelin *(2) Hermann Goering*
(3) Horst Wessel *(4) Nazi Eagle* *(5) Siegfried*

38. Today the center of U. S. population lies in western Indiana, but 100 years ago it was in:
(1) Ohio *(2) New York* *(3) Pennsylvania*
(4) West Virginia *(5) Massachusetts*

39. All right, if you're so smart, which of these is the Spanish Main?
(1) the western end of the Mediterranean
(2) the northeast coast of the mainland of South America
(3) the Caribbean *(4) the South Atlantic*

40. On a piece of paper in a drifting bottle they found the words: "That little eye magnifying glass a jeweler uses is a:
(1) loupe *(2) quintal* *(3) micrometer*
(4) kevel *(5) toucan* *(6) monopode*

41. Since there's so much talk about taxes, which one of the following would you say is the round figure for the U. S. 1938 fiscal-tax receipts:
(1) $1,500,000,000 *(2) $3,000,000,000*
(3) $4,300,000,000 *(4) $5,600,000,000*
(5) $6,800,000,000 *(6) $9,000,000,000*

42. During the World War.....was the first country to make peace with its enemies:
(1) Turkey *(2) Austria-Hungary* *(3) Italy*
(4) Russia *(5) Bulgaria* *(6) Finland*

43. Just before he removed the second floating rib, the surgeon muttered, "Today I bought a new Roadking model by":
(1) Dodge *(2) Plymouth* *(3) Hudson*
(4) Buick *(5) Chevrolet* *(6) Nash*

44. Beneath the ice in his snug little home, the old muskrat sat reading a copy of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's latest book:
(1) Hark the Wind! *(2) Windy Voyage*
(3) My God, Listen to That Wind!
(4) Listen! the Wind *(5) The Wind*

45. If you were walking alone in the woods and encountered a wahoo, you might:
(1) examine its leaves *(2) shriek, "Help!"*
(3) back cautiously away from its claws
(4) mutter, "I wonder who dropped this?"
(5) ask, "Red man speak English, no?"

46. The General Education Board has given away more than $250,000,000 since it was originally founded by:
(1) John Jacob Astor *(2) Andrew Carnegie*
(3) John D. Rockefeller *(4) James J. Hill*
(5) John S. Guggenheim *(6) Russell Sage*

47. Which one of these doesn't use a dog as part of its advertising trade-mark?
(1) Victrola *(2) Greyhound Bus Lines*
(3) Heine's Pipe Tobacco *(4) Mobilgas*
(5) Sergeant's Dog Medicines

48. "Rock-a-bye baby!" snapped the tired mother, wondering what in blazes the beam of a ship meant:
(1) its length *(2) its draught*
(3) its width *(4) its tonnage*

49. William Harvey discovered one of these important facts about the body:
(1) there are stomach digestive acids
(2) the blood circulates
(3) organisms cause infection
(4) a hangover follows a drunk

50. This year (1939) U. S. Army Chief of Staff Malin Craig will be.....years old, at which age Army men must retire:
(1) 75 *(2) 70* *(3) 69* *(4) 64* *(5) 92*

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Personal Attention

RUTH K. FORINASH

TWENTY-ONE HOURS *in the day of a trouble-shooter as seen by his wife . . . a Life in the U. S. article*

THE day begins when the lighted face of the clock on our bedroom wall shows ten minutes after four in the morning; when a sudden rushing of wind and a crackle of breaking trees bring us upward from our pillows to look out the window and see a shaft of vicious blue, as dazzle-edged as wrath, spear downward to the earth. And before the crash of thunder, or the rattle of rain on the roof, Dick has crawled out of bed and has begun to dress.

"Honey." He speaks gently, urgently. "Go down and put on a pot of coffee, will you? Maybe you can get it made before they call me."

Angry because he dresses before he is called, because the summons is always so immediate that it leaves no time for food, I stumble into my robe and hurry down the stairs. Turning on the kitchen light, I run hot water from the tap into the percolator, racing against an inevitable jangle from the telephone. Even while I weigh the skillet in my hand, questioning whether to start bacon and eggs, it rings imperiously. Dick clatters down the stairs to take the call, and while he makes a conversation of "Yes—yes—all right—all right—a twister in the north end? Sounds pretty bad— Okay, I'll be ready when he gets here." I set

DRAWING BY ROBERT FAWCETT

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out his cup and cream, and a plate piled high with graham crackers.

"The highline's out on the east end. Warner's calling Pat now, and he'll pick me up in the service car pretty quick. Newton and Springdale and Trent are all out of lights."

He sits down. I lean my elbows on the table and watch him eat, hunching over his cup, gulping his food in an effort to shorten the time interval of every bite. It is not bad manners. It is stoking, a shoveling in of energy units against the hour of depletion. I see the weariness around his eyes, and the way his shoulders sag.

I say nothing. Between sleepiness and anger, and a confined apprehension, I cannot think of any words. Before the coffee cup is empty a car honks at the curb. Dick pours the liquid down his throat and rises. I hand him his cap. The service car stands in front, a half-ton pickup with toolboxes hung along the back. In the glow of its lights, silver capsules of rain fall and burst on the ground. I get a hurried kiss.

" 'By, honey."

"Good-by." I keep him for an instant. "Any chance you might get in for breakfast?"

"Not much. You'd better not wait supper on me, either."

The car door slams. Water spurts from behind the wheels. I go upstairs to bed.

II

By seven I wake again and dress the children. Already rain floods the gutters and runs into the center of the street. The front yard is a series of puddles, bridged by soppy grass. The three of us eat breakfast. Before I can clean away the dishes the phone begins to ring.

A man's voice barks fuzzily. "Hello. Hello. This is Gillis talking. From South Haven. I want to speak to Dick."

Although this is an old story, I am insensibly flattered by this confidence in Dick. As maintenance man, he makes the contacts in five outlying towns, and those people know that they can trust him—know it and show it to the point of distrusting the efficiency of the district office in retailing their complaints.

"Dick left about four-thirty, Mr. Gillis. We had a little twister that must have hit the highline east somewhere. He said that you and Springdale and Newton were all out of lights."

"Well, I guess they've got their own troubles then. But they'll probably get us fixed up pretty soon?"

"I hope so, Mr. Gillis. I know they'll rush things all they can."

Before eight I have two other calls of the same nature, one from Springdale, one from a rural connection half a mile off the highline. I tell them both we had a twister and go back to my housework, dusting with an extra vigor.

More thunder, and a wind from the west that pushes the increasing rain up under the sheathing of the windows and drops it down inside the glass. It trickles beneath doors and finds holes in a roof which never leaked before. I think of Pat and Dick, working at top speed, cursing the shirts which bind like clammy poultices against their shoulders, and I begin to wonder. . .

I remember Dick, sitting in the big chair, his fingers clamping on its arms, and telling me about a man—a man we had known well—for whom, more than once, I had made coffee and scrambled eggs at 2:00 A.M., when he and Dick came in from hunting trouble. He was a quiet, handsome fellow, with a friendly way of playing with the kids.

Then Dick, holding his lips from twitching, said to me, "I had to cut Duke out of some hot wire today, honey. He went up to straighten out some secondaries the wind had tangled. It was supposed to be cold stuff, but there must have been something— He got a jolt in his hand and it threw him down into the sixty-six hundred. It was over before God had time to get the news—" His pause stretched out forever into anguish. "I *sent* him up that pole, Ruth. He got his hooks on first, and I told him to take it, that I'd go up one farther down the line. So I was the guy that had to cut him out, and—and from now on, I guess I work on borrowed time."

And today Dick—from that time on the first man up a pole—is straightening tangled wire with the lightning stabbing in the sky; with, perhaps, some splinter of sodden wood giving way beneath his hooks and dropping him in his safety belt. And coiling around all of it comes the thought that we carry only a thousand dollars of insurance because we never have been able to afford the hazardous-employment premium.

I scrub all morning to avoid these thoughts. At noon I feed the children cocoa and toast, spiritlessly prepared, and we start upstairs for naps. We hear a swifter drumming of the rain and wind. We reach the bedroom just in time to see the clock stop. Hurriedly I dump the girls, draw sheets over them, and reach the phone.

Three calls come during the next five minutes, all women reporting that they are out of current. I assure each woman of Dick's earliest personal attention and call the office.

I move away from the phone and read for half an hour. A car comes down the street, honking as it goes past our house. The service car, and Dick is driving. That brings relief. A bunch of men stands in the back, holding to the tool racks for support. I have a confused impression of shovels and red mud, before they leave the pavement and throw a screen of water behind them.

Stupidly I stand in the doorway. Five or six extra men. Or any extra men. Everything on the system must have gone down for this outfit to hire any help. At least the outside towns must be back in the service, since the truck was heading west on local trouble. I wonder how long that will take, and whether Dick will get back home for supper. It's time to start the soup.

Just as I am dicing carrots, I take the phone again. Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Katy Jones. And the world, as usual, is against her. She would like to talk to Mr. Forinash at once.

"Mr. Forinash is out."

Well, she hasn't any lights, and she hadn't had for nearly an hour, and the electric icebox is off, and both her husband's sisters came last night to visit them, and if the current stays off her ice cream is all going to melt, and it seems strange the company doesn't try to maintain a little better service when they try so hard to high-pressure people into buying iceboxes, and am I certain that Mr. Forinash is not at home?

"Mr. Forinash is never at home during business hours, Mrs. Jones. The current is off all over town, and he is out now, trying to find the trouble. If you have to talk to him, you had better make your report to the office." I slam the receiver in her ear.

What does that woman think the boys do when there's trouble on the lines—hibernate? Am I quite certain he is not at home! Quite certain! I'm quite certain he is not at home, hasn't been at home, and is damned unlikely to get home much before midnight. Graham crackers for breakfast, and probably no dinner and less supper . . . hours of back-breaking work in the cold rain . . . repairing tangles charged with 13,000 volts —all so that a whining old coyote can have her ice cream frozen.

I slice my finger with the carrot knife and calm down. Surprisingly, the telephone brings me news. One of the "company wives" phones in. "Well, that was an awful time the boys had this morning, wasn't it?"

"Oh, do you know something? I haven't heard a word."

She details it circumstantially. Eleven

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poles snapped in the twister and dropped across the road, their glass and wire drowning in the mud. Dick and Pat found them, backed the car three-quarters of a mile because they dared not leave the serpentine ruts to turn around, and phoned from a near-by farmhouse for digging sets and men.

The whole group, clay-smeared to their thighs, pulled stubs or made new holes with shovel and spoon, working furiously, straightening up to hunger for a smoke they could not have and to let the water trickle down their backs.

It was full noon before the holes were ready, and they could ease the poles at angles into uprightness. Then Dick and Pat went up to splice the breaks, with the whole group watching tensely while the two re-fused transformers, set them in cocked position, and waited to see if the first would hold. It did, and that job was done, after eight hours' work.

I jerk my consciousness back to the telephone. "I saw the service car go west a little after two. I wonder what's wrong out there."

"That last blow took out two poles, and three or four others are leaning pretty badly, Oscar said when he was home to dinner."

In spite of myself, my tone sharpens. "Was Oscar home to dinner?"

"Yes." She ripples on placidly. "He was late because they had him out patrolling, but he took a few minutes. Oscar does hate to miss a hot meal, particularly in weather like this."

"I guess they all do." There's no real reason for that news to make me mad. Every gang has one man who dares not do a good hand's turn of work for fear of snapping a cuff button, and ours is Oscar. I should be grateful, since he brought me news. But as soon as I tactfully can, I ring off.

III

NOTHING more happens until nearly half past six. The rain gathers itself for a final deluge, and I mop again. After that it slackens and stops.

Once more I see the service car come up the hill, and this time it stops at our house. Dick starts around for the kitchen door, and I hurry to meet him.

"I can have supper on in just a jiffy."

"I can't stop now, honey. Listen, do you know where you put that brandy you had left after you made the mincemeat last fall?"

"Why, yes. It's up in the cupboard."

"Well, get it for me, will you?"

I drag out a stool, climb onto it and onto the icebox, and stretch tiptoe to reach back on the top shelf for the dusty pint flask. It is hardly a third full.

"Dick, do you think it's a good idea? I mean—you're still working and you haven't had anything to eat."

He laughs at me, a little impatiently. "Hurry up, honey. That much brandy won't go very far for seven men, and we're *cold.*" He looks it—clammy, spongy clothes, blue lips, and the flesh around his chin lifted in goose prickles. I hand him the bottle.

"I'll try to call you before I do start home. We've got all the outside towns in service, and most of the local stuff. I've got a bunch of farm connections, and the hatchery's out at Grove. That has to be taken care of pronto. 'By."

"Did you have any dinner?" I yell after him, and his answer reaches me through the front windows. "Hamburger and coffee." He hands the bottle to the men, swings in, and starts away.

At eleven o'clock I am still waiting, in robe and slippers, drowsing on the divan. At midnight I wake again, but the phone has not yet rung. That makes it twenty hours since Dick got out of bed—twenty hours since he has had a decent meal. It seems to me too much, although today I am convinced of its necessity.

Resentfully I think of other nights that I have spent like this. I have called off supper dates at half past five, because Dick phoned hurriedly that they had run a refrigerator delivery in on him, and he had to drive eighteen miles and install it after quitting time.

Five evenings a week, on the average, I spend alone. Five evenings of so-called emergencies. One of them, one solid month, Dick spent taking inventory from seven o'clock at night until eleven. We called it the annual emergency, but there was more bitterness than humor in the jest.

Twenty hours a day, six days a week, no pay for overtime, and subject to call on the seventh! There's no point figuring the dividends that pays *us.* Or perhaps there is. . .

I go to the desk for pencil and paper and the time book that I keep. Dick is paid for a forty-hour week, and on that basis the pay is adequate, although substandard. But figuring in overtime — I figure in the overtime. Skilled labor. First-class electrician. On the basis of hours worked we are getting barely twenty-nine cents. A cent an hour less than the WPA. And all for what?

Somehow, someway, we're getting off this job. But where will we get the time to look for another, or the money to quit this? I sit there, helpless and determined. The phone jingles, and I answer hastily.

"Still up, honey? I'll be home as soon as I make out my time. Put dry things in the bathroom for me, will you? And spread papers on the floor so I can get in there. I'm pretty wet."

"Okay. Anything else?"

"I guess that's all." The flat side of weariness drags at his voice.

I lay the newspapers, get his things, put on the soup and coffee. I am through before the service car drives in.

Dick makes thick footsteps on the kitchen floor, and I hear his overalls slide off. He drags the stained and dripping garments to the porch.

"They'll be all right there until morning, and I'll put them on the clothesline to dry then."

This time he can eat slowly, savoring his food, talking to me a little of the day. "Gosh, honey, Shoo Fly Creek was a quarter of a mile wide, and running bumper-deep across the pavement. We were the only car to get through."

"How did you manage it?" From the ring of his last sentence I imagine he did something nobody else thought of.

"Pat sat on the fender and held the fan, so it couldn't send any water back on the spark plugs and distributor. I drove easy, and we made it without any trouble. That Pat is an all-right kid. And it was a good gang I worked today, too. They put their backs in it and dug, but they were plenty tired when we sent them home at dark."

They would go home at dark, I comment mentally. They got paid by the hour. Dick and Pat put in six hours after that, on farm connections and on service wires.

Dick finishes his supper. "I'll go in the other room and smoke a minute, until you clear it, honey. Then we'll go to bed." The words come jerkily, as if, from somewhere deep in his mind, he had to stir them to the surface.

I set the dishes in the sink and follow him. He is on the divan, the unlit cigarette between his fingers, fallen asleep. I watch him for a moment, divided between pity and anger at the way he has to work.

"Dick," I say. "Dick."

He grunts, but he does not feel my hand upon his shoulder. I pick up his feet and boost them onto the divan, where he twitches himself into some sort of comfort. I cover him, and turn off the light.

Upstairs, I mind the children and set the alarm for half past six. It is twenty-five minutes to two. Four-thirty until one-thirty and work tomorrow as usual.

Twenty-four hours make a day.

Three of them are for sleep.

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ACME

Home of the kidnaped Mrs. Parsons, surrounded by autos of G-men and reporters

The Press Agent Takes Over

LOU WEDEMAR

A PREVIEW *of a kidnaping case handled by a publicity man . . . what he would attempt and why . . . how he would try to avoid the errors committed by the G-men*

"Your child has been kidnaped? I'll connect you with the publicity department."

So the telephone operator at the Federal Bureau of Investigation (DISTRICT 7100) may one day answer a frantic and distraught parent. A strange situation, this. Here is a parent terrified at the disappearance of his child. The kidnaping note has warned him not to notify anyone. For a few minutes, possibly a few hours, he has obeyed. He and his wife have sat there by the silent phone. Finally, he has dialed long distance, asked for the G-men. And they want him to talk to a press agent.

Nothing like this has happened yet. But it may happen, and let us see how —and why. To begin with, the most important single factor in a kidnaping is publicity. And parents, relatives, friends, and police authorities in most cases have badly bungled their handling of this factor. The extent and type of publicity is important for its effect upon the kidnaper, upon the authorities, and upon the public. For example, any publicity (if the kidnaper has warned that the crime be kept secret) or the wrong kind of publicity (if the news has leaked out) may cause the kidnaper to kill his captive. This is a fairly obvious situation, yet I have never seen it dealt with effectively, though as a newspaperman I have observed scores of cases.

What usually happens, of course, is that publicity begins the moment the crime is discovered. Word-of-mouth publicity first, then the newspapers, the radio, and the newsreels, all handling the case in a callous, excited, and inaccurate way. Then the authorities, angry, desperate, appalled, and helpless, not knowing how to direct or control, much less profit by, this wild and wonderful phenomenon. For example, the FBI has been saddled by law and public opinion with responsibility for solving kidnapings, and under J. Edgar Hoover the FBI has been nourished into a great detective agency. It would seem that Hoover would know how to use publicity in kidnaping cases. The plain fact, however, is that he doesn't.

Any good publicity man would have avoided the almost incredible bungling that followed the kidnaping of young Peter Levine in New Rochelle, New York. The first ransom note warned the parents against notifying the authorities. Nevertheless, the first steps taken inevitably assured publicity. And what happened then? Within a few hours

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two youthful G-men were clambering over a wall and setting up headquarters in the house; window shades were pulled mysteriously up and down; linesmen began installing special telephones; guards skulked on the terraces of the residence. Investigators began going from house to house in the neighborhood; G-men's automobiles roared through the little city. Confusion and hysteria were so evident that the news reached the press within a short time.

Even before it was published, however, the kidnaper could not have failed to know that his injunction had been disobeyed. A uniformed policeman was sent to pick up a second note—a tactical error which was explained weeks later in a statement from the father to the kidnaper. But no explanation was made immediately, when—as is now known—Peter was still alive. No effort was made to use modern psychology in reaching the criminal through the press. No press contact whatever was set up, with the result that the erroneous stories published may have added to the kidnaper's panic. At length the kidnaper, object of a nationwide hue and cry, gave up his efforts to secure the ransom and, weeks later, the boy's headless body was found in Long Island Sound.

II

The same bungling was evident in the Lindbergh and Mattson cases. For example, Colonel Lindbergh did not consult an authority of publicity when he discovered his son's disappearance. He notified the village constable! Also he directed his own publicity with one idea in mind—that the baby had been taken by an underworld gang. There was nothing in the acres of publicity about the kidnaping that might have appealed to the twisted mind of a Hauptmann.

The Jimmy Cash case shows that newspaper silence is not a certain solution. For two days, newspapers at Princeton, Florida, refrained from publishing news of the crime, and still the boy was found dead. Yet one must remember that the Cash kidnaping was a highly personal kidnaping in a rural community. While the press was silent, word-of-mouth publicity swept through the community, and the kidnaper, posing as a helpful neighbor, was able to watch every development. Hoover's own story reveals the failure of his public relations by showing how, in the last phases of this case, he had to resort to extra-legal procedure to keep the press from ruining everything.

The question of silence on the part of the press is one the "kidnap press agent" would have to give careful study. In some cases he might deem it inadvisable; in others, essential. But an honest publisher cannot well agree to suppress news of any kind. If he suppresses news of a kidnaping, he is favoring the individual concerned at the possible expense of the community. But for the newspapers, kidnapers might strike again and again, with only the mute G-men aware; as a matter of fact, as it is, the secret files of the FBI are reputed to contain reports of many crimes of which the public has never heard. Further, if news of a kidnaping is suppressed on the doubtful grounds of "public policy," the press might also come to agree to suppress news of treason, or of war threats, or of the spread of an epidemic. We saw something of that in the press's handling of the 1933 bank holiday.

The press agent must face the fact that the newspapers will be his opponents when he tries to say whether kidnap news may be published. It required days of effort by many reporters to get the story of the kidnaping of Peter Levine. The authorities made efforts at suppression of the news at the same time that they carried on their clumsily obvious investigations. Their suppression efforts were pitiable, compared to the methods that a good press agent would have employed; but a newspaper cannot print a story without certain essential data, and the authorities kept that secret. I eventually obtained the key facts that made publication possible, and it is an ironic aftermath that I have since been accused by innuendo of responsibility for Peter's death. The authorities had refused me available facts that might have turned my story to their advantage, that might even have resulted in the boy's freedom.

III

Let us see what would happen if a press agent were called in to handle a kidnaping. Not the Broadway or Hollywood press agent, begging space for a leg-picture on the drama page, but a "public-relations expert" such as Ivy Lee, who humanized Rockefeller, or Steve Hanagan, who managed Samuel Insull's trial, or Edward Bernays. Such a publicity man would realize that he was handling big news, and that big news is slippery dynamite. He would know also that the handling of that news might decide the fate of the captive.

Two main lines of procedure would at once be obvious to him: To suppress the news, if possible; and, if not, to control all publicity. His technique would depend upon the facts of the case and the circumstances surrounding it. But although the press agent were a most honorable gentleman, he would in all likelihood be compelled to use drastic tactics at times. Undoubtedly, moments would come when lies, deceit, and other skulduggery would be essential. He would have to be a realist.

Suppose, immediately upon receiving a kidnap note, Mr. Smith, a prosperous merchant, telephoned the press agent that his young son had been seized for ransom. The first question that would arise would be, "Shall I notify the authorities?" In all probability the press agent would advise against it. He might point out that the authorities—including the FBI—have rarely rescued a kidnap captive, and that the father and kidnaper could probably work out their problem between them. In fact, knowing the opera-bouffe activity of investigators in other kidnapings, the press agent might feel that notifying the authorities would be signing the child's death warrant. He might advise the father to pay the ransom, recover his son, and *then* tell Mr. Hoover about it. This would be a simple case, from the press agent's point of view, although he would have to see to it that no word of the kidnaping got around through servants, neighbors, or relatives.

If the father had already reported the case to the FBI, the press agent's problem would be much more difficult and complex. Let us assume, however, that this is the situation and that the press agent succeeds in getting a working agreement with the FBI—or, perhaps in some distant future, that he is an FBI official himself. In either case, then, as far as public relations go, he is the boss. His first effort would be to keep the news from the newspapers as long as possible, and to persuade the authorities to do their investigating with a minimum fanfare. Any local police who knew of the kidnaping would be warned against speaking of it, under penalty of severe punishment—and the prestige of the FBI is such that with it the press agent could make good his threats. He would also try to trace down and impose silence on everybody who knew of the kidnaping—relatives, servants, delivery boys, mail carriers, the family physician, the victim's friends.

The purpose of all this would be, of course, to convince the kidnaper that the father had not "broken faith," and so make possible negotiations, payment of the ransom, and the captive's release. But the press agent, knowing how small things attract notice, would not stop there. He would make every effort to have the captive's family act as normally

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as possible. The exterior of the residence would be kept free of G-men who might be spotted by roving newspapermen; there would be no strange faces peering from hitherto unused rooms. He might have the parents stand forlornly at the window occasionally, or walk together outside the house, where the kidnaper could easily accost them. In essence, he would do everything to make it appear that the Smith home was the most uninteresting place in the world.

Sooner or later, however, the Smith boy's disappearance might become known to some newspaper. Then, indeed, the press agent would be put to the test. He would try, once more, to keep the story out of the newspapers; and then, if he failed, try to turn the publicity to advantage. The press agent might summon all the newspaper publishers—not the reporters—in the area, and say:

"Gentlemen, the Smith boy has been kidnaped. We are doing everything we can to get him back alive. Ransom negotiations are in progress. And we fear that publication of the story may cause his death. I am not asking you to suppress the news; I am telling you the facts. I leave it to you to decide what to do."

I don't pretend to know what would follow. My guess is that the publishers, weighing the value of the story against the boy's life, would agree among themselves to suppress the story. Pressure from influential friends of Smith might help persuade them. On the other hand, one or more of them might feel that he was not omniscient enough to estimate the benefits and dangers of acceding to censorship. Then the news would be out, and the press agent in for a bitter struggle. He would contact the editors and reporters assigned to the case. "Please," he would beg, "make your stories as harmless as possible. Don't say that the G-men are seeking the kidnaper. Don't frighten him. Make it clear that the authorities will not interfere with the payment of the ransom.

Perhaps he would be able to set up a liaison with the newspapers which would enable him to get published whatever items he considered beneficial. Perhaps not. But in any event he would try to tie up all sources of news—so that the papers would find it difficult to get any information except what he provided. Being wise in the ways of the press, which must use any old story if there are no good ones around, he would see to it that the newspapers got plenty of copy.

IV

But what kind of stories? Sob stories about the grieving parents? They might be unwise—might even harm the captive. We know, for instance, that Albert Fish reveled in the sob stories about the parents of little Grace Budd. Apparently they fed his insane impulses and inspired his sadistic desires.

So, knowing he was dealing with a twisted mind—for all kidnapers have a mental quirk—the publicity man would obtain the best advice available. He would confer with competent psychiatrists and criminologists, and supply them with all known facts about the crime. "What type of man," he would ask, "is the kidnaper?" The experts could probably help him. In the Lindbergh case, for instance, one psychiatrist worked out to the last detail the probable emotional make-up of the kidnaper; and when Hauptmann was arrested, he fitted the description almost perfectly. The press agent would ask what kind of stories would be advisable, how they should be "slanted" in order to keep the kidnaper's mind off murder.

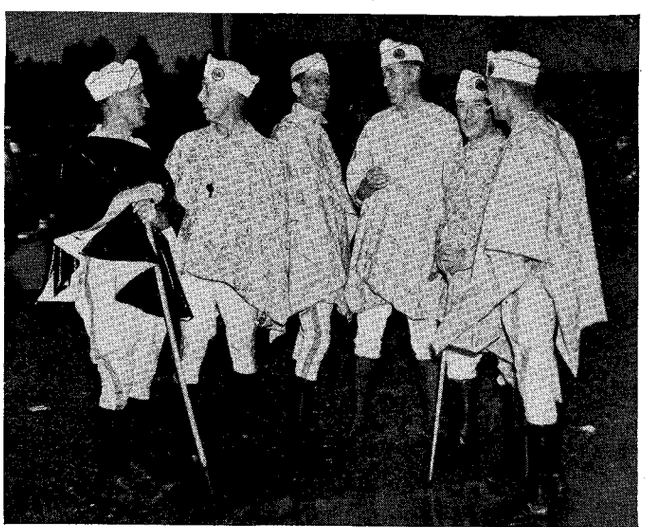
It might be that the psychiatrist would decide that the man who wrote the kidnap note would be likely to harm the child if he feared capture. Then, obviously, it would be up to the press agent to circulate stories tending to lull him into a feeling of security—whether or not they jibed with the facts of the investigation. Perhaps the kidnaper would be analyzed as an egomaniac. Then the press agent might get Mr. Hoover to speak in glowing terms of his adversary's brilliance. Or, again, as happened recently in Brooklyn, the mother's plea might strike the keynote that would win the kidnaper's sympathy and cause the child's release.

One phase of the press agent's task would be his contact with the reporters covering the story. If, for instance, the ransom was about to be paid, it would be important that the intermediary not be followed. If there were no working agreement with the press, negotiations might collapse because of the presence of reporters. The press agent would probably find the reporters and photographers on the scene more amenable to requests for co-operation than their editors. In many kidnaping cases the reporters have voluntarily withdrawn from the vicinity of the captive's residence in order to facilitate negotiations.

The strain will let down, so far as the press agent is concerned, when the ransom has been paid. Publicity will have done all it could do. He need not wait for the captive's release. But the family must still sit and wait—and trust the kidnaper. And often the child would not come home.

ACME

Murray Levine (right) telling reporters he would mail out 50,000 posters announcing reward for recovery of his son



ACME

American Legionnaires, blanketed against rain during their search through Florida swamps for the kidnaped Jimmy Cash

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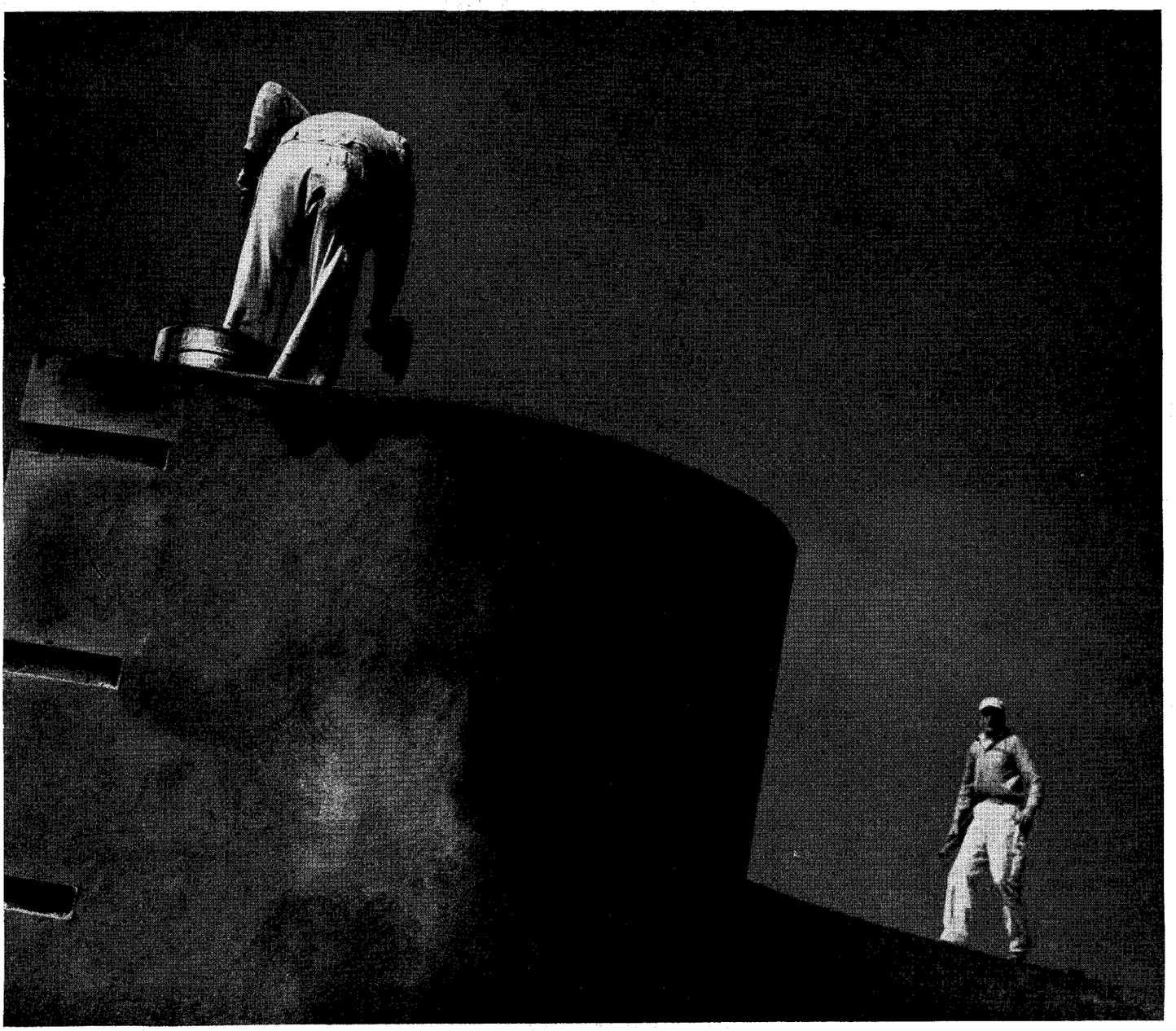
LIFE IN THE U.S...*Photographic*

The following six pictures were taken on the grounds of the New York World's Fair by four professional photographers. We have chosen them for this month's issue because of their splendid representation of modern camera technique. Showing several of the Fair buildings in various stages of construction, they are first-rate examples of striking subject matter and artistic composition. For technical information regarding these photographs, see page 51.



FAIR WORKMEN, by Ben Schnall

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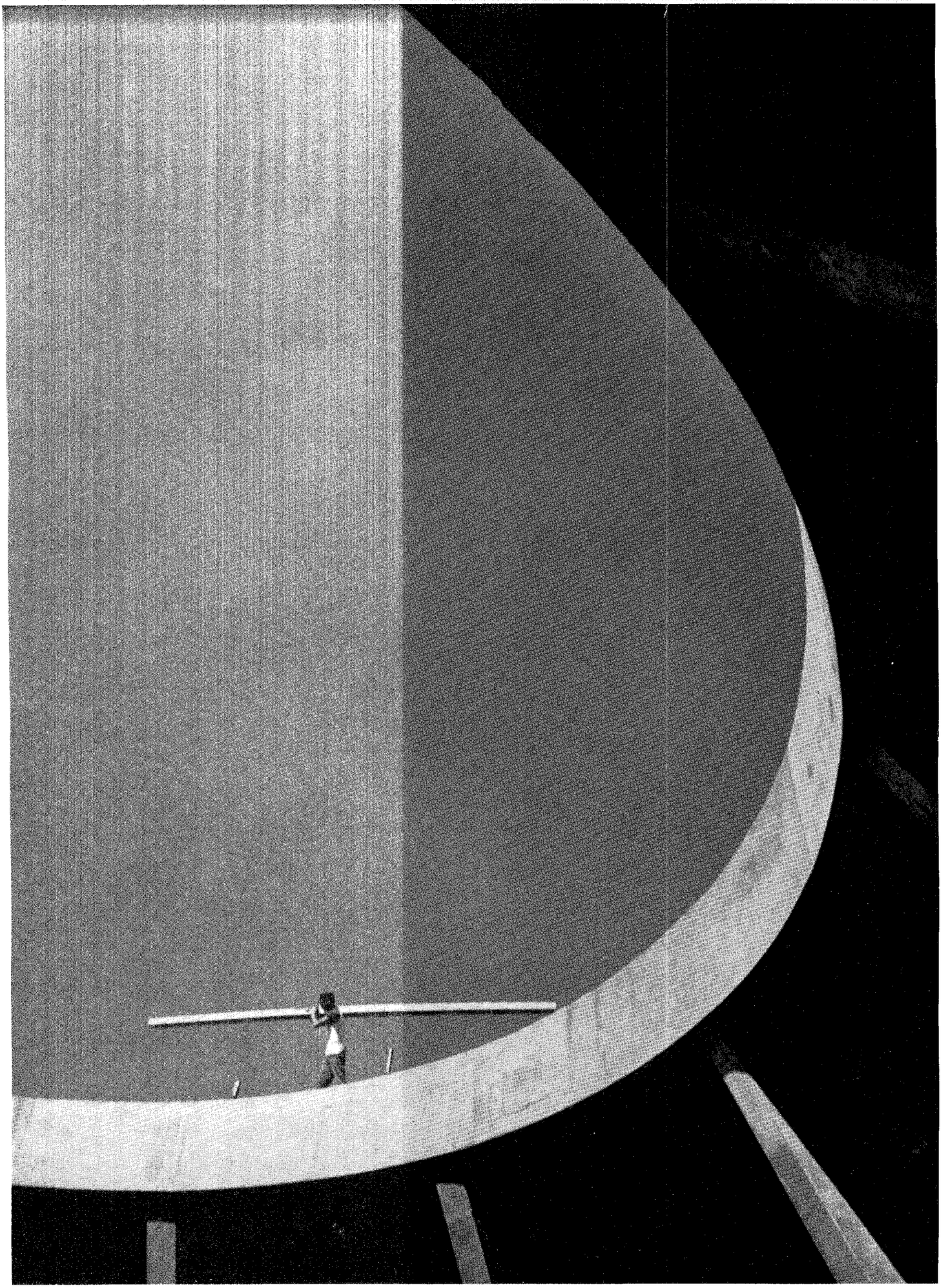

FORD BUILDING, by Bob Leavitt

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STEEL WORKER, by Richard Wurts

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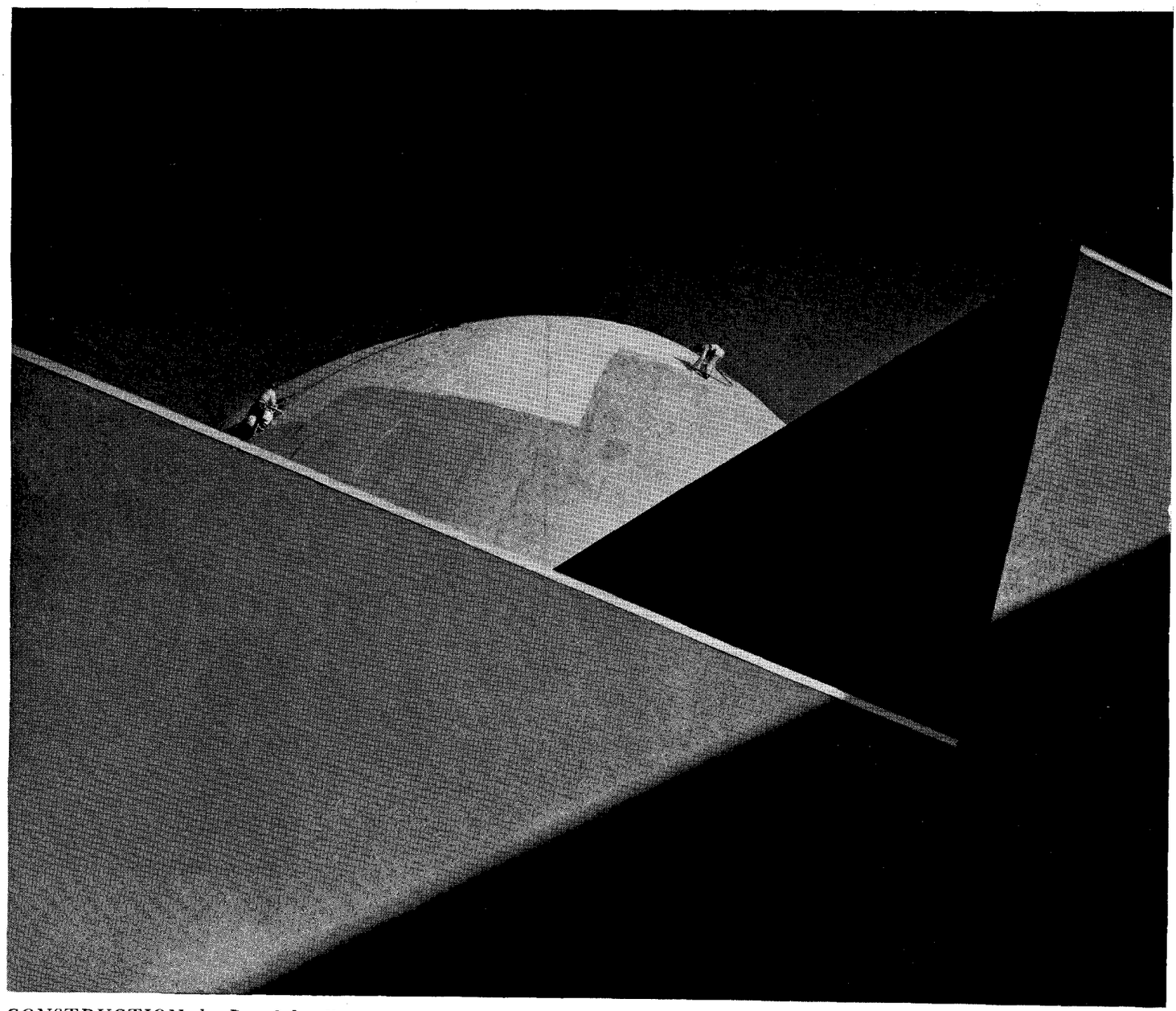

CONSTRUCTION, by Ben Schnall

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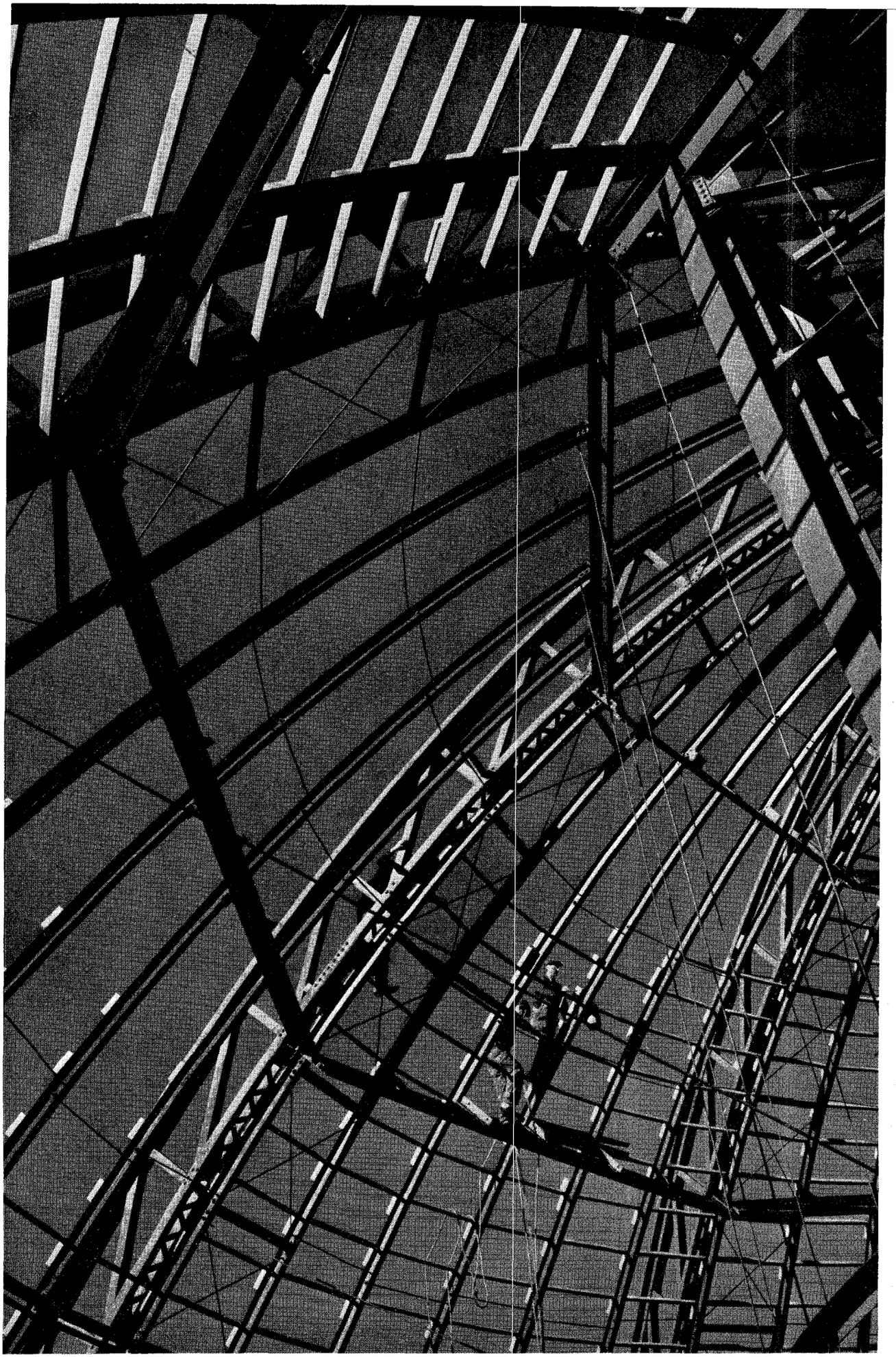

ED STATES STEEL EXHIBIT

COBWEBS, by John Mills, Jr.

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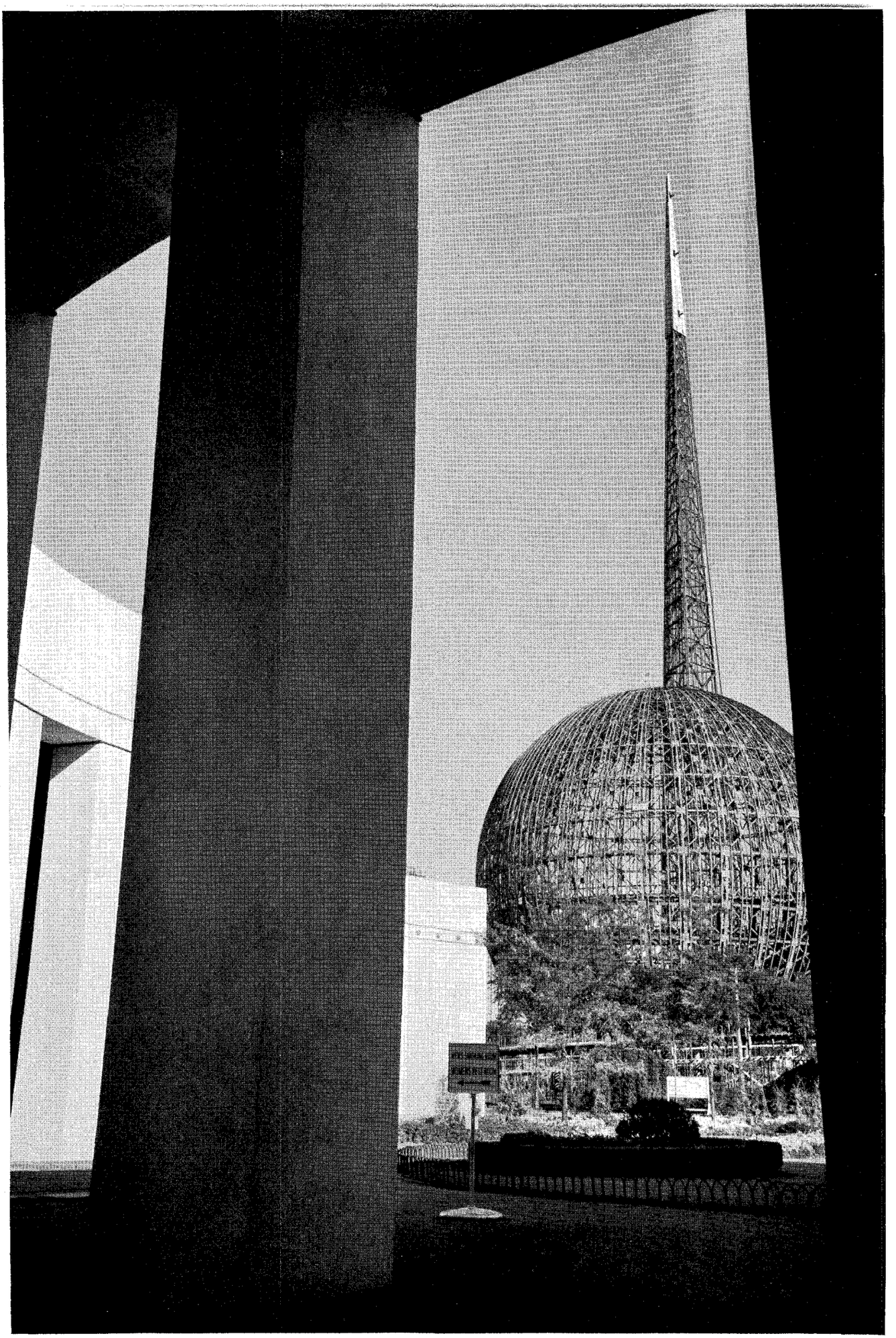

CONTRAST, by Richard Wurts

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I Wish and I Wonder

MARGARET MACPHAIL

NIGHT SCENE *at an airport . . . the restive crowd, the arrival and departure of liners, and the feelings of those left behind . . . a Life in the United States article*

OFTEN when the pressure of our day's labor has ceased, my companion and I, in our small car, seek the long, straight road which stretches toward the salt beds to the west and takes us to the airport.

Arrived, we hang on the steel runway fence in silent wistfulness, gazing into the blackness of the night which shrouds the field before us; or we button our jackets tightly and, hands thrust deep into our pockets, pace the promenade, dodging a chill wind which seldom dies on this flat plain. Sometimes we climb the winding stairs to the deck atop the administration building to await the 9:10 P.M. Mainliner from the East.

This night the big ship was late. It was already 9:20 and the regular Western Air Express had arrived from the North and Yellowstone Park. We were not alone on the walk. There were, perhaps, fifty to seventy-five people in scattered groups around us. Some huddled in conversation by the fence; others paced up and down, locked in chummy embrace, the better to keep warm. A pack of small boys squealed in the face of the wind and dashed in and out of the ticket-office doors.

Pausing a spell, I heard a man at my back say, "Nine twenty-five now! Won't be in till ten or after, they say." His woman companion said, "If it is much after, I don't want to wait. I'm too cold now."

Now and then we passed a daddy, trying to answer the questions of his child. Clumsy answers, vainly trying to explain things the daddy himself did not understand about the airport.

A woman told of her trip by plane. "You didn't know," she said, "once you got off the ground, that you were moving." Her friend looked far beyond her and saw nothing but the reflection of her own wistful hopes. "I wish . . .," she replied and we walked on.

We peered through the windows of the administration building. First came the lunchroom. Here, under the bright lights, people sat around the counter, alone . . . thoughtlessly taking big bites out of a sandwich, or, in laughing groups, attractive girls and neatly uniformed attendants stole a moment for coffee.

Next, the waiting room . . . dimmer lights. People sat quietly talking to loved ones they were seeing off. We stopped to question one another about going into the warm waiting room, but before we could decide, a giant transport was pulled into place from the hangar to our right by a lumbering tractor. The tractor exhibited great contrast to the delicately balanced bird it maneuvered. This bit of activity diverted our interest from the waiting room and we went, instead, to the fence to give our attention to the preparations a big transport plane must make before she takes off.

The tractor left her close to the roped-off walk which enters the ticket office. Immediately attendants awakened into activity. We observed that, with all the safety improvements developed for flying these days, the forgotten man is the grease-monkey who handles the wedges under the wheels of the plane when it stops and starts. This man must run under the spinning propellers every time a plane lands or takes off and frequently, I learned, these men have been unmercifully shattered by the impact of one of these propellers.

The plane had "Western Air Express" and its symbol, the head of an Indian chief, painted on the side of the cabin. This ship was to transport the part of the West-bound passengers who were to change for Los Angeles. The passengers on the Mainliner itself headed directly for San Francisco. The preparations of the grounded plane indicated that the Mainliner was about due.

We continued our walk, back and forth, in the darkness. Suddenly, in the distance to the east, over the lighted city which nestles in the arm of the Wasatch Mountains, we heard, before we sighted, the airplane as it burst out of the dark. The moon had just risen in the east, too, and its glow and the tiny lights of a million stars made the plane hard to distinguish. But, suddenly, there she was. The faint red and green lights on her wings came rolling through the sky like magic balls, floating through space.

In another moment she was overhead. The booming voice in the loud-speaker was saying, "West-bound plane from New York and Chicago, trip one, approaching the field."

One might have expected her to land at once, but we knew better by now, and according to her custom, she circled to the end of the field and disappeared from sight and sound into the west, over the Great Salt Lake. We assumed that this extended landing was to lose altitude slowly after crossing one of the most difficult mountain ranges in the country.

With the announcement, the field was a beehive of activity. An attendant and stewardess boarded the waiting plane on the ground and prepared for the passengers. It was ten minutes before the big plane came back to the field and with it came that spine-tingling thrill. The field lights went on and we searched in vain, following the lanes of temporary light made by the penetrating beams of the revolving searchlight atop the administration building. In the confusion of light and sound we had scarcely spotted the wing lights before she was approaching the runway and two huge headlights glared, suddenly, out of the night. The big bird was alighting, and, now on terra firma, was rolling toward us. Her motors muted, she came in silent dignity and grace.

Suddenly, from the hangar at the south of the field, they pulled a relief plane to the gate to replace the incoming plane. The fresh plane was scarcely in place before the weary traveler was landed at her side. Platforms were wheeled into place. The door was opened, and passengers, some six or eight,

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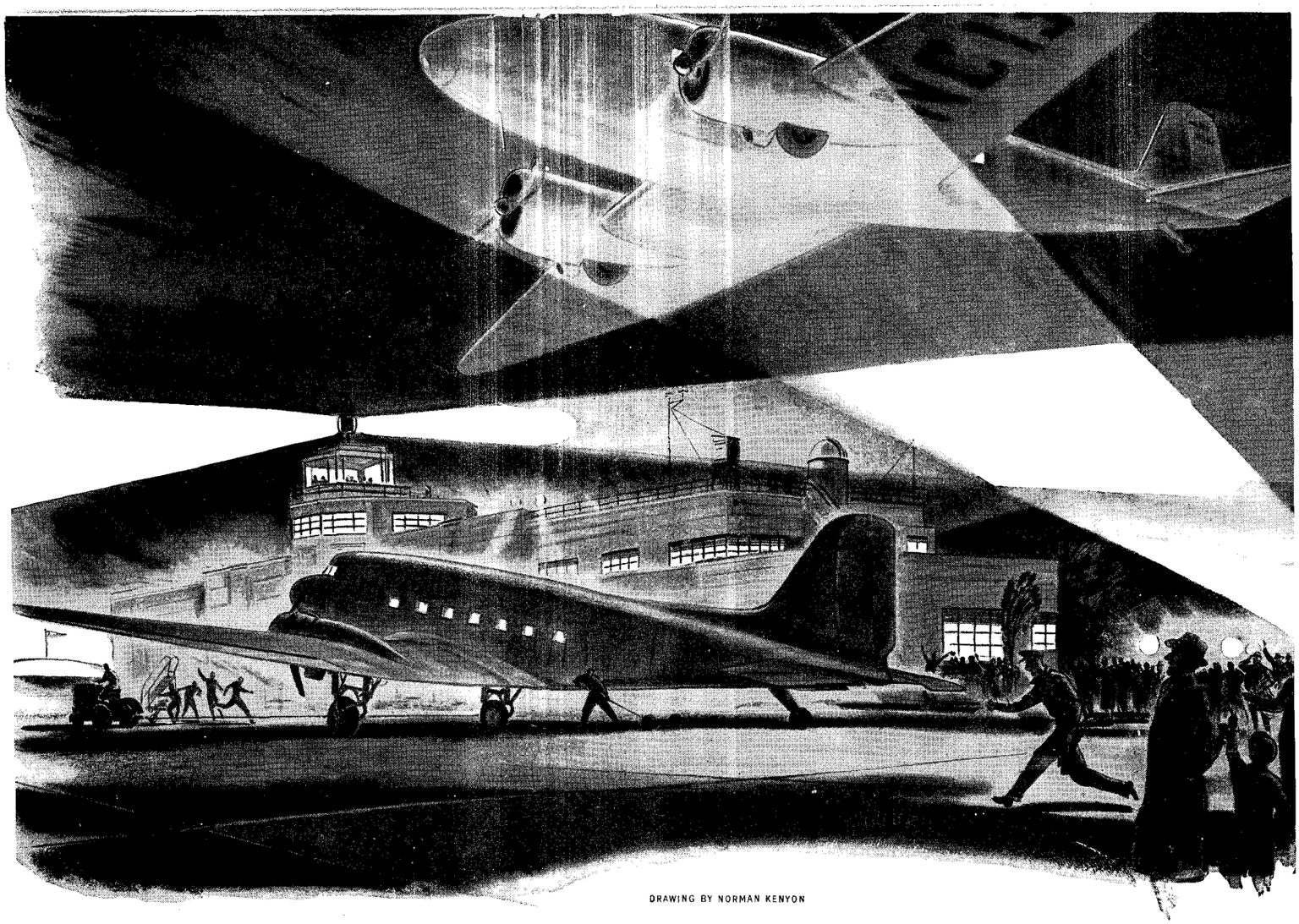

DRAWING BY NORMAN KENYON

stepped to the ground. They were the businessman type mostly. The crowd on the walk pressed against the ropes to inspect the lucky air travelers with eager curiosity. One might have expected to see some very superior personalities the way we all gaped but, as always, they proved to be ordinary-looking, self-conscious men and women, a little embarrassed by the unwanted attention they were attracting. They hurried past the staring crowd into the station. Our gaze, though rude, was not critical. These passengers were having the grand experience we, of the sidelines, were all wishing we might share. That they were surviving at all and could walk to the station was a source of wonder to us. Each scrap of conversation among us landlubbers, thus far overheard, had contained both "I wish" and "I wonder."

The plane was empty of passengers, but we lingered to see the crew, the dainty stewardess, the pilot, and the co-pilot. Attractive people, self-possessed and neat-looking for all their responsibility during the long trip. Service men bustled and baggage men transferred the light, but important, cargo.

We shifted our attention to the loading activities of the first plane. From the loud-speaker came directions for passengers to board the plane for Las Vegas and Los Angeles. Local travelers had long been ready and they were poised to rush for seats. The attendants were in line to inspect tickets. A capacity load, it looked like, but we could not distinguish passengers from friends. A weary-looking mother and dad tried, in vain, to suppress the squeals of four very young children who continually broke out of their grasp in irrepressible joy.

Came the booming voice again to announce loading of the Mainliner to Reno and San Francisco. More passengers streamed out of the waiting room.

Here came the pilot with a large, white basket on his arm. A wisp of a woman, almost running to keep up with him, at his side. She was hatless and her short, brown curls were blown in the wind. Her laughing face bent over the basket beneath the face of the man carrying it and both tucked blankets around the little bundle within as they strode by. Someone beside me said, "He's taking his wife and baby this trip."

At the doors of both planes, farewells were being spoken. I heard someone say, "When I went, they would not let the family go out to the plane with me." I, too, observed it was not customary to permit friends to gather around the door of the ship to say their farewells.

At last the South-bound express was about to take off and the busy grease-monkeys did their final bit. The motors roared into action and the ship glided on toward the long runway.

She had just risen from the ground when the Mainliner, passengers settled, and the gray door, separating them from solid ground, firmly shut, gunned her motors and followed the course of her sister ship across the field to the north. Both had disappeared in the blackness, temporarily, but shortly, one at a time, in the order in which they had left the field, they shot past us like fiery demons of the air. Their motors made the atmosphere rumble, and sharp, blue flames shot like angry hisses from the bodies of the things.

Everywhere around us voices were saying, "There she goes." "There she goes." "I wish . . ."

Slowly the crowd dissolved around us. For many minutes, my companion and I remained, heads on arms, leaning against the fence. Our eyes scanned the dark, star-flecked skies to the south and west where the big birds had flown and disappeared. The same wishing and wonderment which carried the eyes of our fathers down the track of the fast-disappearing train fifty years ago led our gaze into the dark trail of the speeding planes.

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don herold examines:

revolution

If we had read that mobs of malcontents had broken into Carole Lombard's home in Hollywood and stolen $339,000 of her last year's earnings of $465,000, we would call it Russia, we would call it revolution, we would call it violence, and we would call it redistribution of wealth.

But that is exactly the divvy that Mr. Roosevelt and other public divvy-takers milk from Miss Lombard under our present system of soak-the-rich to succor the shiftless, and we don't call it anything.

We don't call things by their right names in America. We have had a revolution here and haven't had the honesty and the nerve to call it a revolution. They are more brutal in their nomenclature in other lands, but not much more radical in their economics.

We are very polite in our raids over here. We raid our aristocrats with pretty printed forms rather than with brickbats, but we raid them nevertheless.

Now I happen to think that Carole Lombard is a barrel of fun, worth every cent of the $465,000 that she earns per year, and that she ought to be allowed to keep every cent of it for her own. I have no objection to taxing $35-a-week wage earners, say, $5 a week, because they don't give the world very much in the first place, but Carole Lombard gives millions of people millions of laughs and millions of hours of forgetfulness, and I think the Government and State ought, if anything, to give her a bonus instead of soaking her $339,000 a year. In my opinion, Miss Lombard is of far more importance to the country than the Grand Coulee Dam or the Navy or Congress or many more of the foibles for which the Government is spending her money.

Most big incomes, with a few exceptions, reflect public service. I cannot abide the prevalent theory that a man who is earning half a million dollars a year is stealing it. The fact is apt to be, rather, that he has sweated his brain to produce something which is of considerable use to many, many millions of people. A man leaning lazily on a shovel in some Works Procrastination Administration project is much more apt to be a thief, in the social sense, than a man who has conceived a way to earn a half-million a year from the sale of something that 120,000,000 people can use. Right now, there is a great national inclination to do away with unusually effective people. Gosh, I hope they don't find a way to take ALL of Carole Lombard's income and do away with her. In this unpredictable world she's one of the few things I have left to live for.

I'm not one of the rich, so this is not a class squawk. But I used to be one of fifty or sixty million people in this country who thought that it might be fun to work hard and think hard so we might some day be moderately rich. That was the romance of our lives. That was our dream (or one of them). It spurred us on and stimulated us. But Mr. Roosevelt has kicked away the pot at the rainbow's end, and all we can do now is sit down on a bench in Long Beach, California, and rot, and chew terbaccer, and wait for thirty dollars every Thursday . . . of Carole Lombard's money.

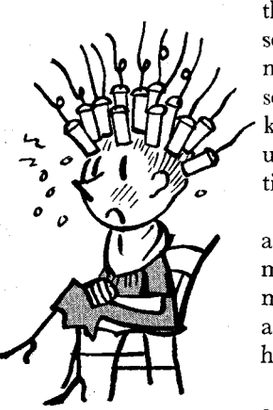
hair

This is a man's world, but look at it! I mean it's not much of a world, so I don't see much superiority in man's so-called superiority to woman. But it is, of course, true that man has excelled woman in all mental fields—that is, in science, art, business, etc. And I think that all the old explanations for this are so much tosh, and that I alone have the real explanation. The real explanation is hair.

Woman's one real passion in this world is her hair, and it probably always has been. If woman had had short hair down through the ages, she might have been man's equal in all the things in which she is now supposed to be second-rate. I'll write all over the page about this and won't say as much on the subject as Kin Hubbard's paragraph: "Miss Mamie Moon has quit her job in the five-and-ten and will devote her entire time to her hair."

I live in a house with a wife and two daughters, and I will say that, at our house, hair is an *industry*.

Thank God I am bald as a doorknob; somebody at our house has to do something besides hair; somebody has to make a living; somebody has to keep up (or fairly up) on international affairs.



No two women are ever together more than five minutes until they are discussing hair.

The only fitting epitaph on the tombstone of many a woman would be: *She grew hair*. Yes, of many a woman, *that* would be a complete biography. She ate food and produced hair. And that, to a large extent, is the history of womankind in general.

It has been said that woman is man's mental inferior because she has given so much of her time and thought and energy to motherhood. Bosh! The average woman gives to motherhood only a mere fraction of the time she gives to hair. Of course, if she has daughters, she gives many hours a day to *their* hair, and maybe that can be charged to motherhood—but it all comes down to hair.

If women could decide to shave their heads for fifty generations and forget hair, they would probably become man's equal, but then what would they have?

Man has made the world what it is today, and I say it's spinach.

And I'm not sure, after all, that a cute little blonde with a fetching Danielle Darrieux hair-do isn't a greater thing in the world than Boulder Dam, Western Union, the Munich Conference, the Constitution of the United States, or the splitting of the atom.

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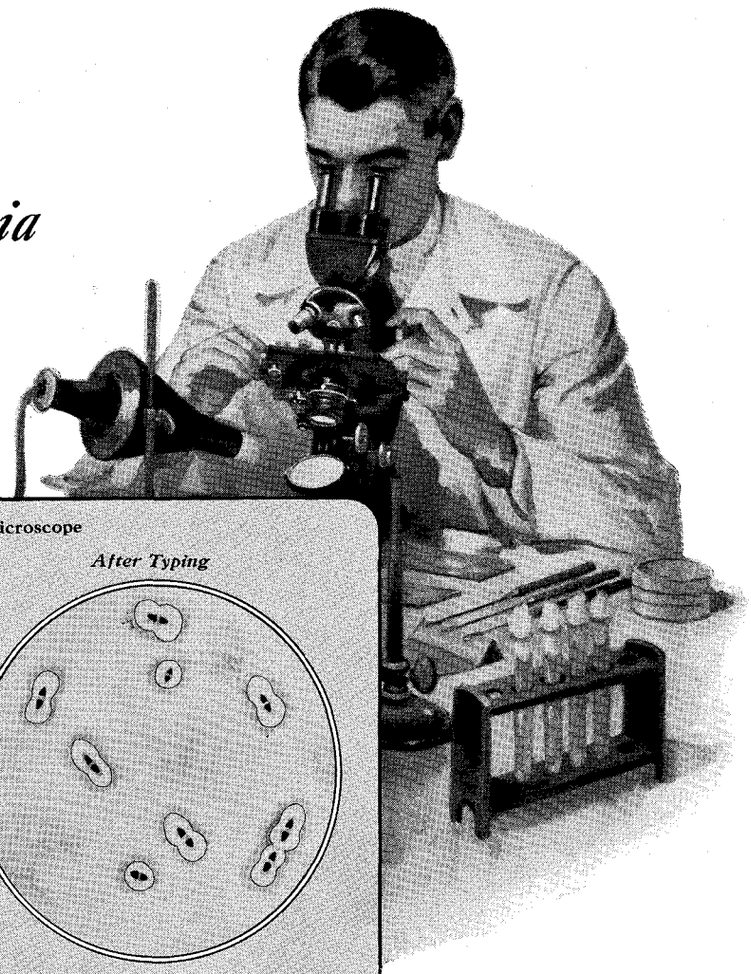
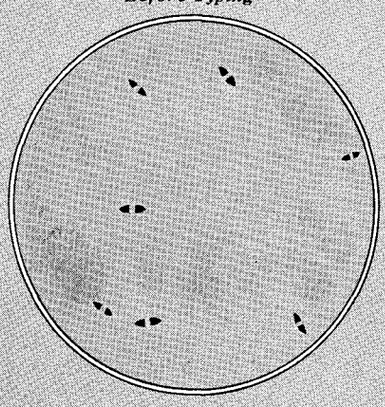
"Typing" *to fight Pneumonia*

A laboratory equipped to identify particular "types" of pneumonia germs is the physician's ally in helping to save lives.

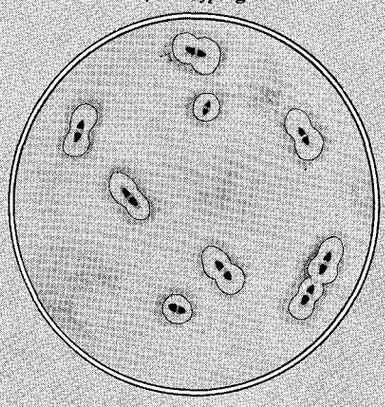


Pneumonia Germs Under Microscope



Before Typing

Microscopic view of pneumococcus germs — principal cause of pneumonia. More than 30 types of such germs—identical in appearance—may cause pneumonia. Patient's germ-laden sputum is tested with "typing" serums, one for each type of pneumococcus.



After Typing

When the "typing" serum corresponds to the type of pneumococcus in the sputum, the capsule (or covering) of the germ swells—a positive identification that tells the doctor which type of treatment serum to give the patient.

DRAMATIC progress has been made in "typing" pneumonia germs. Medical research has developed individual treatment serums for many of the "types" of pneumonia which these germs cause.

It is exceedingly important to discover pneumonia early so that sputum may be "typed" and proper serum administered promptly. If given properly and in time, these serums are highly effective in combatting the disease.

Medical and public health officials are bending every effort to make these serums generally available all over the country. In many cities and states they are provided at community expense to those unable to afford them.

Not all cases of pneumonia should or can have serum treatment. But all cases need prompt medical care and competent nursing. After an examination of the patient's sputum and blood, the doctor will determine the particular treatment needed.

Pneumonia may strike an apparently healthy person without warning, but, as a rule, it follows a cold or grippy infection or some unusual exposure or exhaustion.

The first symptoms of pneumonia are frequently a chill, followed by a fever, with pain in the side or the chest and coughing. Any one or any combination of these symptoms indicates illness and may be pneumonia. A doctor should be called at once. Pneumonia often works fast, and the physician must work faster to check the disease.

Winter and early spring are the months when colds and pneumonia are most frequent. If you have a severe cold, influenza, or grippe, take the precaution of resting and stay away from other people as much as possible.

Keep your vitality high with adequate nourishment and sleep. The Metropolitan booklet "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia" gives further essential information about these diseases and their prevention and treatment. It also gives many suggestions for safeguarding winter health. Send a post card today for your free copy. Address Booklet Department 139-S.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

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Pare Lorentz

(continued from page 11)

high boots plus rugged woolens and corduroys, and is visibly perturbed by any cameraman answering reveille in a less bellicose outfit. When the Lorentzes come to New York for an opening he sweeps into the Plaza, resplendent in tails and white tie, with his wife floating in furs at his side, and crisp commands begin to whizz—a parlor suite—highballs and an order of roquefort-stuffed celery sent up at once—reserve two, center aisle, fourth row—and it's all got to be done now!

Yet his movies were done cheaply enough. According to official figures *The Plow* cost less than $20,000 and *The River* about $50,000. This might look big to Frontier Films, which has been forced to assemble a documentary about *The People of the Cumberland* on as little as $3000. But it takes money to make good pictures, and if you doubled the cost of *The River,* that still would be cheap, by Hollywood standards.

So while Lorentz has closed the door on Hollywood, his friends guess that he has not slammed it permanently shut—that perhaps a bigger offer, with the more important assurance that he could do the kind of honest realism which he insists the public will take, may eventually lure him to the Coast. Right now, Lorentz is plunging into his next documentary, which is probably foreshadowed by a brilliant little radio sketch called "Ecce Homo." It deals with unemployment and was put on last spring for Columbia Workshop, an experimental radio hour. The British Broadcasting Company happened to be listening in via short wave and borrowed it for an Empire Broadcast. The London *Express* called it "one of the outstanding programs of the year," while *The Listener,* the British radio magazine, went the whole hog to call it "the best feature . . . ever heard from the microphone."

VI

LORENTZ'S Washington office, officially labeled United States Film Service, has been successively attached to the Resettlement Administration and the Farm Security Administration, and has finally come to rest as an appendage to the National Emergency Council. This not only gives Lorentz a greater freedom of subject for future documentaries, but much additional work. For it has been decided that his department will coordinate all Government films. The various departments have been making them for twenty years, and thousands of vaguely educational reels are on file—including such bits as *Canning and Grading of Lima Beans,* by the Department of Agriculture, *Fur Seals in Alaska,* by the Department of Commerce, *The Story of Lubricating Oil,* by the Bureau of Mines (in co-operation with Standard Oil of New Jersey), *Prenatal Care,* by the Department of Labor, and the U. S. Navy's *Paths in Palestine.*

This departmental deluge of several hundred items a year will be edited to prevent duplication. And the more important ones will be supervised by Lorentz, with the expectation that they will be well-written and fast-moving as well as factual—documentaries good enough to go on the road.

Also, all Hollywood requests for Government co-operation will clear through his office. So the next time they want to borrow the Navy as a background for a James Cagney love story they will apply to Lorentz, and he will look over the rushes. And maybe, the next time he wants to borrow a few feet of a steamboat whistling, to complete *The River,* he won't have to get down and beg for a little co-operation.

The Newspaper Guild

(continued from page 23)

resolutions either mean something or they don't. The Guild, answering no small measure of criticism which arose after the 1937 meeting, has said in effect that they mean nothing. Walter Lippmann, a member of the Guild, declared last year that he would resign if he was bound in any way to stand on the Guild's platform. Milton Kaufman, secretary of the New York Guild, promptly assured him that he was not restricted and cited this provision of the Guild constitution:

"No eligible person shall be barred from membership or penalized by reason of sex, race, or religious or political convictions, or because of anything he writes for publication." What Mr. Kaufman did not cite, however, was another section of the Guild constitution, reading, "No person whose interests are deemed to lie with the employer as against the employees shall be eligible."

But however the Guild constitution may be interpreted, the Guild resolutions have put ammunition into the hands of the publishers who are fighting it. Thereby, too, have been alienated such valuable members as the really independent newspapermen who decline, even in theory or in the most remote way, to have their opinions controlled by any group. Freedom of the press is more important than freedom of labor, freedom of capital, freedom of the Loyalists in Spain, or the freedom of any other single body. The Guild's position is too vague. How will its governing bodies interpret that phrase about noneligibility for anybody whose "interests are deemed to lie with the employer as against the employees?" Who is going to hand down the decisions?

As a matter of fact, one local has already rejected an applicant on highly dubious grounds. General Hugh Johnson, late Pooh-Bah of the NRA and now a columnist, applied for membership in the Washington, D. C., Guild. He was turned down—30 to 16—on the grounds that as NRA boss he had been hostile to labor. True, his writings were not specifically the basis of his rejection. But what legal certainty has any writer that what he has printed may not be the actual cause and some other alleged offense substituted for that cause?

Finally, no resolution at any convention necessarily represents the viewpoint of the rank and file of an organization. Vote at the Guild meetings is based on the numerical strength of the locals, of course. But all conventions are run by a handful; they must be or they would become mobs. Another source of friction in the ANG is the accusation that the New York Guild dominates the meetings. This has caused particular irritation in

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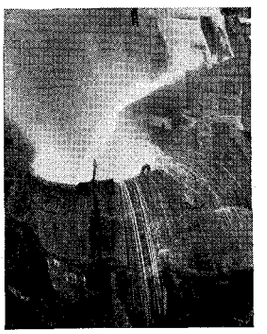

The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

To start the New Year, Bethlehem has made at least one good resolution. It is to frame these quizzes in such a way that your friends who have a smattering of metallurgy, engineering, physics or the more rarefied chemical formulae will not have an unfair advantage over you. You'll find that the alternatives you are offered in this set of questions on steel serve as guide-posts to the correct answers. With this help a grade of 80 ought not to be uncommon.

Correct answers to the Bethlehem Quiz will be found on page 56.

1. When a learned friend tosses "soaking pit" into the conversation, you know at once the term refers to:

(*a*) *A Chinese torture chamber in which one drop of water at a time fell on the head of the victim until he became insane.*
(*b*) *A furnace used in steel plant operation to insure complete and uniform penetration of the heat.*
(*c*) *An immersion chamber for early Christians, invented by the Emperor Diocletian in 299 A.D.*
(*d*) *A natural basin at the foot of Maiden Lane, Manhattan, where the wives of the early Dutch settlers laundered their clothes.*

2. In modern industrial parlance, an I-beam is:

(*a*) *A structural steel beam with an I-shaped cross-section.*
(*b*) *A radio wave length, indicated by "I" in the call letters as in Station WINS.*
(*c*) *An airplane beacon which travels the following course, two horizontal sweeps and one vertical.*

3. The noted Mr. Stiegel, who made the glassware collectors clamor for, was also famous during colonial and revolutionary days as:

(*a*) *An architect*
(*b*) *A landscape gardener*
(*c*) *A tinsmith*
(*d*) *A strategist*
(*e*) *An iron founder*
(*f*) *A duellist*

4. A fishplate is an article of trade used in modern industry for:

(*a*) *The background of mounted game fish.*
(*b*) *The ice-tray at fishmongers.*
(*c*) *The side plate which is bolted to the ends of adjacent railroad rails to hold them together.*
(*d*) *The metal spinner at the end of the line used in trolling for bluefish.*

5. Which seven of the following accessories to feminine dress are usually made of steel:

(*a*) *bobby pins* (*b*) *switches* (*c*) *snaps*
(*d*) *hair nets* (*e*) *hair pins* (*f*) *handbag frames*
(*g*) *scarves* (*h*) *girdles* (*i*) *compacts*
(*j*) *eyebrow pencils* (*k*) *lipstick cases* (*l*) *shoe eyelets*

6. In the production of steel the "bark" is:

(*a*) *The noise made by a furnace when it is tapped.*
(*b*) *The wrapping around shipments of steel bars.*
(*c*) *The surface of iron ore when it is first mined.*
(*d*) *The decarburized skin or layer just beneath the scale of newly produced steel.*

7. One of the following words refers to a crystal formed in the solidification of steel:

(*a*) *malachite* (*c*) *dendrite* (*e*) *anchorite*
(*b*) *meteorite* (*d*) *parasite* (*f*) *stalactite*

8. The modern automobile fender is made by being:

(*a*) *Stamped from a sheet of cold metal.*
(*b*) *Sheared from a solid block of steel.*
(*c*) *Poured in a stream of molten metal over a wooden block curved to the proper shape.*

9. The steel industry buys large quantities of saplings each year for two of the following purposes:

(*a*) *For reforestation and landscaping of plant grounds.*
(*b*) *To burn into charcoal.*
(*c*) *To stir molten metal and reduce the total amount of carbon in the steel.*
(*d*) *To weave into screens to conceal metallurgical laboratories.*

10. What steel producer is also a major shipbuilding organization and a large steel construction company?

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the Washington Guild, some of the members of which are close to open revolt.

V

When it became a union, the ANG proceeded to use all of the methods of unionism, and the most powerful of these was the strike. The members who did not approve of this method, or who personally objected to duty on the picket line, were outnumbered. Under the organization's basic law they could be expelled for refusing to obey orders and this, if the Guild Shop spread to any degree, might mean the end of their careers. At this point the ANG lost the support of certain older newspapermen whose years of service had made them conservative. They had children. They owned their small homes and their automobiles. They decided that the Guild was too radical and they no longer bothered to attend meetings or to pay dues.

Whether radical or not, the ANG was certainly more militant. Hearst was, again, the adversary in the first major strike—against his Wisconsin *News* of Milwaukee. This dragged on from February to September, 1936, and was a definite Guild victory. The biggest fight was against the *Post-Intelligencer* of Seattle, another Hearst sheet. This time most of Seattle's organized labor joined in. Violence was frequent and the strike aroused national interest. The National Labor Relations Board ruled that the ANG was the legal bargaining agent of the workers and that Hearst was in the wrong. Peace finally came in November, 1936, when the publishers surrendered, reinstated the strikers with full salary for time lost, agreed in general to the Guild's wage-and-hour specifications. It was not, actually, a contract. It was a "bulletin-board agreement," slightly less formal or legally binding, but the result was the same. So aroused had been Seattle against the *Post-Intelligencer* that Hearst hired John Boettiger, son-in-law of President Roosevelt, as publisher.

There were to be other strikes, notably on the Brooklyn *Eagle*. The Guild continued to urge that advertisers using unfriendly papers be boycotted. Meanwhile, litigation of vital importance to all unions was in progress. The Associated Press had declined, in 1935, to bargain collectively with the Guild and in doing so challenged the constitutionality of the Wagner Act. Morris Watson, an officer of the New York Guild, was discharged by the AP in October, 1935—again with the official reason that he had done unsatisfactory work. The NLRB upheld Watson and in due course the case reached the Supreme Court of the United States. The result was a complete victory and immortality, of a sort, for young Mr. Watson. He was ordered reinstated with compensation for his unemployed period. In pleading its case before the Supreme Court, however, the Government made this significant observation:

"We admit without qualification that the petitioner [the AP] has a privilege, unaffected by this act, to discharge an employee because he exhibits bias in editing the news."

Resolutions upholding Loyalist Spain and the Billings-Moody cause were only a part of the important developments at the 1937 ANG convention. The delegates voted to abandon the AFL, and its policy of trade unionism, for the CIO. The move meant that office boys, advertising solicitors, cashiers' clerks, and everybody else in the business office were eligible for membership on the same basis as reporters and sub-editors. In some offices, where they outnumbered the editorial employees, this meant control by the business-office workers of the local Guild. Again, some newspapermen were alienated.

Yet the Guild marches on, and its officers may well claim that its policies are vindicated by its growth. It is already attempting to organize the periodical workers, particularly the employees of the weekly news magazines. In July a contract was signed with *Time*, and at this writing negotiations are under way for one with *Newsweek*. But apparently the big newspapers are the hardest to crack, as evidenced by the following examination of the ANG status in fifteen of the nation's largest papers:

New York *Times*—no contract.
New York *Herald Tribune*—no contract.
New York *Daily News*—contract.
Chicago *Tribune*—no contract.
Chicago *Daily News*—no contract.
Philadelphia *Record*—contract.
Philadelphia *Ledger*—informal agreement.
Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*—informal agreement.
Detroit *Free Press*—no contract.
Baltimore *Sun*—no contract.
Cincinnati *Star-Times*—no contract.
Cleveland *Press*—contract.
Los Angeles *Times*—no contract.
St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*—contract.
San Francisco *Chronicle*—contract.

VI

What does the Guild's balance sheet look like? On the debit side one finds it verging toward too much centralization, its policies and activities dominated by the New York group. A growing tendency is to limit the authority of local Guilds. I am sure that Broun, Eddy, Victor Pasche, Morris Watson, and perhaps one or two others, are really running the show. Then the Guild is in a precarious financial condition.

But more important, it seems to me, must be put the potential, rather than existing, danger of news distortion. The ANG is now committed to Lewis's CIO, lined up against Fascism, against the Spanish Revolution, Japan, Ford, and Tom Girdler. Reporters are human, particularly the best reporters. Will a reporter covering, for example, the epic struggle between the AFL and the CIO be ably wholly to retain his objectivity when he belongs to a CIO union?

On the credit side of the ledger is the unquestioned fact that the ANG has done a first-rate job in improving wages and working conditions. Even more important has been the Guild's insistence on severance pay depending on years of service, on intelligent hours of work, on a five-day week. There is no doubt whatever that even the publishers who loudly decline to deal with the Guild have pondered the wisdom of instituting its reforms, and many of them have done so.

[This is the first in a series of articles examining American organizations. The second will appear in an early issue.]

One Last Wilderness

(continued from page 20)

operator said, and cutting in on her was a thin male voice, raspy over the poor wire, saying "Hello, hello, hello," in an irritated, rushed monotone.

"Hello," Felix said loudly. "This is Felix Mann at Crane Lake. I wanted to get a permit to sell wood on the reservation. I cut it on my own homestead. All I want is permission to sell it."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Mann," the thin voice cut in. "Mr. Reichert applied for and got such a permit last night by long distance. I just finished dictating a letter to him."

Felix's voice rose even louder, and his lips pulled back over his teeth.

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FORUM

Edited by Henry Goddard Leach

Table of Contents for January

'Unser Amerika'

The Nazi Program in the United States

S. K. PADOVER

Diet Begins at Forty

BENJAMIN GAYELORD HAUSER

They Love Roosevelt

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Adjusting Yourself to Yourself

WINFRED RHOADES

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE—

PSYCHIC FACTORS IN HEALTH

GRADUATES FROM DAMNATION

TWO VIEWS OF MUNICH

ONE MORE PERIL FOR YOUTH
(AN EDITORIAL)

LIFE AND LITERATURE—*MARY M. COLUM*

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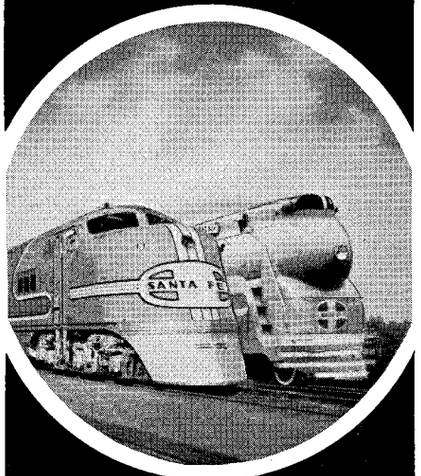

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"Where's he gonna cut his wood?" he yelled into the mouthpiece. "He don't own no land up here."

"He's got permission to use down timber for firewood wherever he finds it. And there hardly seems reason for two such permits on one lake. I'm afraid we can't do anything for you. You can sell it on your own land, of course. That's outside our jurisdiction."

Felix hung up in a fury, feeling trapped and humiliated.

"I'll be damned!" he said. "I dig out a business that pays, and in two days he cuts me out of it. He gets anything he wants out-a that office, and the rest of us c'n whistle. Nobody else can cut live timber on the reserve, but Reichert owns a sawmill, and cuts the best pine on the mountain for that lodge of his. I can't sell my own firewood, but Reichert can sell all he wants off-a Government land!"

"It's a hell of a note," said Gunderson sympathetically. "It's a hell of a note, all right."

"What's the matter with them guys? Are they all takin' Reichert's money?"

"No, they're all right. They just don't know how it is. They like to see people with money get the concessions, so a resort gets developed right. That's probably why they hand everything to Reichert."

"Oh, well," Felix said, shaking off his hot wrath. He pushed his hat to the back of his head and grinned. "I guess I won't let him worry me too much."

"That's the way," Gunderson said. "Take it easy."

Felix grinned again, but Gunderson felt that there was something uncomfortably wolfish about that smile. "I'll take it easy, don't worry. My old man allus said never to smack a guy till he'd hit you at least twice, but when you smacked him, to take him apart. Next time Reichert takes hold-a me he'll wish he'd picked up a nice lively scorpion instead."

That afternoon he sawed up all the remaining poles, and then dismantled the saw and motor and put them back in the chicken house.

VI

FLETCHER'S trips into the hinterland kept him away from the ranch a good deal of the time, but on afternoons between excursions he loved to sit on the kitchen stoop with Felix and Ruby, while Felix spun yarns of the old days, of chasing horses over the mountain in blinding storms, of his old man's escapades with Indians, of the fabulous catches of fish before the tourists started coming in, of the deer and elk and bear and mountain lions that had peopled the plateau.

And in those talks, while Ruby sat sunning herself with her braids over her breast, and while Felix went on through endless pungent anecdotes, Fletcher thought he could detect very frequently a hidden nostalgia for the old days of unhampered freedom, an itch to get back to complete primitivism. Sometimes, too, the nostalgia was not hidden.

"I'd like to live way out in the hills somewhere," Felix said one afternoon. "Not this way, like here, three-four miles from a bunch-a tourists, but way out-a sight. I'm gettin' sick-a workin' like a nigger at this dairy stuff. What I want-a do is live off the land, like my old man used to. He used to hit for the hills whenever he got fed up, with a rifle and a few boxes-a cartridges and a blanket, and he'd never come out for a year at a time. When he did show up he'd be slick as a spring colt and fattened up on deer and bear and fish and ducks. He knew how to live, that old coot. None-a this civilized stuff for him."

"Well, the world changes," Fletcher said, stretching his legs. "There aren't many wildernesses any more to run to."

"Yeah, she changes," said Felix. "She gets worse. My old man would never-a stuck around here when the mountain got crowded with people. And if anybody'd stepped on his toes like Reichert's steppin' on mine, the old man would-a turpentined him and turned him loose in the brush. You know what Reichert's doin' now?"

"What?"

"I was up there the other day for mail and I seen a sign out in front. 'Drink Pasteurized Milk and Be Safe,' it says. Civilizin' the milk now, tryin' to shoulder me out. He'd ruther haul it thirty miles than have me around competin' with him. Mine, it ain't clean, I guess, because it ain't boiled and curdled and dressed up fancy."

"Oh, we get along all right," Ruby said. "What you want to worry about him for?"

"He don't worry me. He just makes me mad. I'd-a made better wages this summer if he hadn't muscled in on the wood."

"Forget it," said Ruby. "You'd-a worked yourself to death in a week if he hadn't."

There was a pause, the three of them sitting quietly in the angled sunlight, while the air around them stirred with the crisp rustle of the aspen. Felix chewed reflectively on a twig. "I wonder if this pasteurized milk has anything to

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do with old lady Benton quittin' me?" he said, squinting over at his wife. "I thought they was goin' in for the season, but they ain't gone. They was still there this mornin'."

"You're imagining things," Fletcher said, rising. "People on this mountain aren't so fussy they want pasteurized milk, I should think. Your customers are steady. He can't steal them with a sign."

But Felix, now that he remembered old lady Benton, sat on the stoop and wondered. She had taken milk for four straight summers. Now she stopped all at once, just when Reichert put up that sign. It looked funny.

It looked still funnier when, during the next week, three more steady customers met him apologetically at their doors, saying that they didn't think they would need any more milk this year. They were going down soon, and were pretty well stocked up. That was normal enough. It happened every fall, when people began leaving. But Felix, made suspicious by old lady Benton, watched their cabins. Only one of the three families left within the next two days.

Suspiciously, he tasted every bucketful of his milk. It wasn't strong or cowy. He gave it an extra straining to make sure it was perfectly clean, thinking that one fastidious cottager might have found specks in it and told others that it was dirty. When he had convinced himself that the milk was as clean and as good-tasting as it had ever been, he knew somehow that sign at Reichert's was taking away his customers one by one.

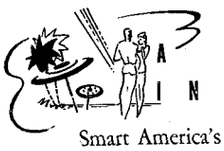
And the next morning a fifth woman stopped her account, and told him what was wrong. He had never been able to get along with the woman; he was always too late or too early, the milk was too blue, the butter too yellow, the cheese not aged enough. So he stood quietly without comment when she said she was paying her bill, but when she came with the money she couldn't keep her temper back.

"You ought to be prosecuted," she snapped. "There's fifty children on this lake been drinking your polluted milk all summer. If they don't all die it won't be your fault."

"What's the matter with the milk?" Felix asked. "That milk's strained four-five times."

The woman glared at him. "When your cows have tuberculosis it don't do any good to strain it," she said sharply, and shut the door in his face.

With a puckered brow Felix went back to the truck and climbed in beside the General. Tuberculosis! There wasn't



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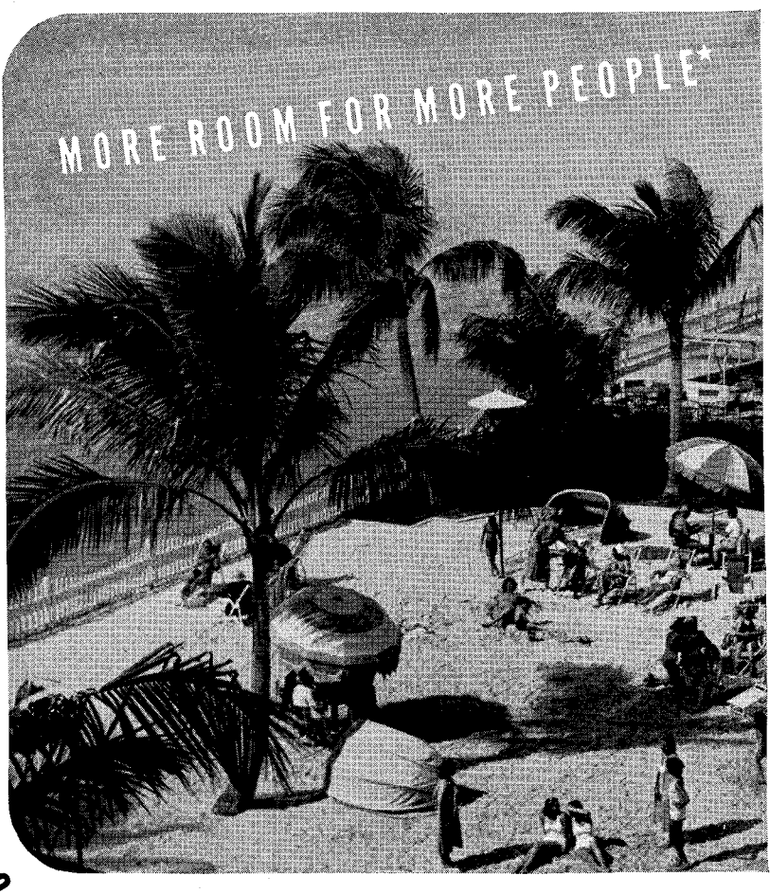

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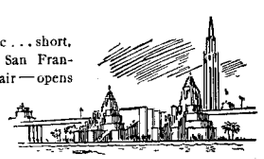

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a sick cow in the herd. His brother Henry had had them all tested along with his own the past winter, down in the valley. The story was crazy, but it had already cost him five good accounts, almost a quarter of his business. And its source was plain enough. That damned Reichert!

He began to lick his perpetually cracked lip, feeling the anger suck in his stomach and tighten his chest, and he ground the gears so violently in starting that the General grew derisive.

"You better let me drive if you can't do no better'n that."

"You keep your shirt on," Felix said grimly. "Maybe pretty quick you can drive it to a funeral."

Just as they pulled up before Reichert's store the lodge owner's little boy, slightly older than Custer, rode by on his Shetland pony. He was immaculate in breeches and glistening boots, and he rode as if his mount had hooves of gold. The General whipped down the window glass and yelled at him.

"Hey! Where'd you get them pants?"

After a quick startled look, the boy paid no attention, but rode on at an easy pace, slapping his booted leg with a braided miniature quirt. The pony raised its tail as if in contempt, and Custer was out of the cab like a squirrel, his fists in the gravel before he had well lighted. The pony shied sideways as a pebble hit it on the rump, and the Reichert boy grabbed the horn, squawking. A moment later, peppered with a hail of gravel, he went off up the road at a gallop, stirrups lost, clinging for dear life to horn and mane.

"Lookit him pull leather on that toy horse!" cried the General. "Damn, what a sissy!"

George Reichert appeared in the doorway, his face black with rage. "Cut that out, you!"

He descended on the General, who swung defiantly with fists doubled. Before Felix could get around from the other side of the truck, Reichert had slapped the boy sharply around the ears. After that he had to hold him away and keep slapping, for the General became a howling, furious animal, clawing and kicking and trying to get close enough to punch the man's belly.

As smoothly as a cat, with his lip lifted over his upper teeth so that the cracked place was spread to a red line, Felix came up behind the General, plucked him out of Reichert's hands, and set him in the truck. "Stay there," he said. Then he turned to the other man, still slouching, still with that mirthlessly lifted lip.

"If your damn brat hasn't got any more manners than that you'd better keep him home," Reichert said. He was breathing hard, and a fork of blue veins was pulsing in his temple.

"We'll talk about that in a minute," Felix said gently. "My old man used to say you should never hit a kid except in fun. But I come up here to talk about somethin' else."

Though he appeared perfectly relaxed, his throat was tight with the effort to keep his voice soft, and it was labor to leave his hands hanging loose at his sides. His feet moved restlessly, slightly, as if he were doing an almost motionless shuffling dance in the gravel. That restless shuffle like a boxer's, the slightly outthrust head, the steady speckled eyes under white eyebrows, would have looked dangerous to Reichert if he had not been so angry himself. Now he stood solidly planted and watched the dairyman contemptuously.

"Well?"

"I come up to ask you where you found out my cows got tuberculosis."

"You can ask anybody on the mountain," Reichert said shortly. "It's common knowledge."

"It may be common knowledge," Felix said, "but it's a damn lie, and you started it!"

He had moved a little to the right, still loose, still relaxed. The storekeeper started to smile, but before his lips were half formed for it Felix hit him. He fell heavily over a sprinkling can of water, and for a moment he flopped like a man in a fit, face purple and straining, arms twitching, heels kicking in the soaked gravel. Before he was more than partially conscious again, Felix turned and climbed into the truck, ignoring the General's hot-eyed admiration and whoops of excitement. As they drove away from the store somebody came from inside and helped Reichert to his feet.

"Jeez!" the General breathed. "He was colder'n a maggot!"

The checked fury had left Felix in that one instant of violence. He let his stiff lips relax, and stuck out a rock-hard arm for the General to feel. The General felt it in admiration and awe. Then he felt his own. "I wish't you'd left him for me," he said. "I was just gettin' loose to pop him."

VII

All morning Wild Bill and Fletcher had been picking chokecherries along the spring. Ruby had been mashing and sugaring them down in two big crocks for the wine making. When Felix trailed

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the exuberant General into the kitchen the house was full of the barky, aromatic smell.

"Whoopee!" yelled the General, bursting in wild-eyed and eager. "You should-a seen Pop lay old Reichert out!"

Ruby straightened above the crock. "What's the matter now?"

"War's busted out," Felix grinned. He shooed the tumultuous General outside to show Wild Bill how it had been done. In the face of Ruby's direct question and Fletcher's look of serious concern he felt a little sheepish. But as they talked, sitting at the pine table with the whiskey jug before them, the flame of wrath licked up in him again. "I should-a killed the old devil. He earned worse'n a crack on the jaw for spreadin' that lie."

A moment later, cooling again, he chuckled at the memory of how the General had taken his slapping. "I guess I did Reichert a good turn. If I hadn't stepped in the General'd-a kicked him apart. He's a wildcat, that kid is."

"I'd protest to the division office about this tuberculosis story," Fletcher said. "You've got proof your cows are tested."

"Oh, protest! Run to mamma and tattle. The hell with that. I couldn't prove he started it, anyway."

"You can at least prove it ain't so," said Ruby. "Whyn't you go around your whole route tomorrow and tell 'em the straight of it?"

"Maybe I will. But that don't make me like Reichert's little moves any better. Damn it!" he said, smacking his fist on the table, "my pa's boy ain't gonna stand for very many more-a those kind-a didoes."

"You're talkin' windy again," Ruby said, and went over to stir the aromatic crock of cherries.

The next morning Felix stopped at every door where he had ever left milk, and made it clear that his cattle were tested, that his milk was pure, that the tuberculosis story was nonsense. At the end of his route he checked over the list of names. None of his lost customers had come back, though from two he had extorted promises for next year. Three had been polite but unconvinced. Of his good accounts, several had hinted, while protesting that they hadn't believed that story and affirming that they had always found his service satisfactory, that it wasn't a bad idea to pasteurize milk. You never could tell when some kind of disease would show up in a herd. On the basis of his summary, Felix was forced to admit that unless he did something to counteract it, this new-fangled sterilizing of milk would cut into his business little by little until he couldn't make a living.

In the evening, by the light of the gasoline lantern, he and Fletcher thumbed through the Sears Roebuck catalogue until they found pictures and descriptions of several small pasteurizing units. They juggled sums, went out to look at the milkhouse, decided that another shed would have to be built, went back to estimating costs.

"You can do it," Fletcher said. "You might have to raise prices a couple of cents, but you'll still be under Reichert. There's your solution, Fix. Once you've modernized he won't have a prayer at cutting you out."

Felix twisted a sprig of hair around a finger, staring thoughtfully at the pictures. "Well, I don't like the idee much," he said at last. "All this modern improvement stuff makes my belly ache. But it's a way around old High-Pockets. I guess I'll have to get her this winter and put her in next spring."

VIII

THE short mountain summer was sloping into fall. Every night a scum of ice formed on the water bucket outside the door, and the morning meadows were silvered with frost. On the aspen slopes, high up at first, glints of butter-yellow began to show.

The fishing season closed on September fifteenth. Immediately the milk business fell off to a few scattered deliveries, and Felix began hauling his stock to the valley for the winter.

He had not seen Reichert since the fracas, but on the way back from his third trip down the dugway he stopped at the store to see if any mail had accumulated.

As he pushed open the screen he saw Reichert just entering the back room. The storekeeper whirled, hands clenched into tight fists in his jacket pockets. "There's nothing in this store for you!" he said. "I'm not selling you anything."

"What makes you think I want-a buy anything?" asked Felix mildly.

"Get out!" Reichert said. His face, singularly hard for a fat man's, was dark and ugly. He motioned to someone working in the storeroom behind, and a truck driver came and stood at his elbow, a husky, broad-featured, slow-moving man who looked curiously from one to the other.

"No need to get haws-tile," Felix said. "I want my mail."

"You can go to hell for your mail!"

"Now, now," said Felix. His tongue was hungrily licking the crack in his lip,

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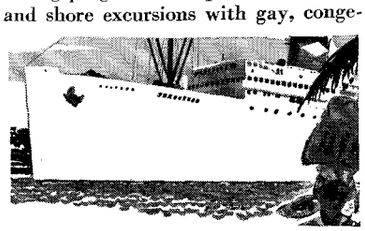
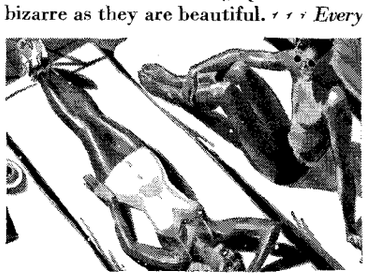


nial companions. Delight in the deck sports and open air pool—the comfort of your *outside* stateroom—the magnificent meals and entertainment which includes a fine orchestra and sound movies. You'll see strange places . . . as bizarre as they are beautiful. *Every*



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but his voice was smoothing. "When you take on the job-a postmaster, you got to deliver mail to anybody gets any."

In two short steps Reichert was at the pigeon-holed mail desk, where he sorted furiously through a small bundle of letters. He threw one on the counter, tossed a catalogue after it. "Now get out!"

"I'd like Mr. Fletcher's too," Felix said sweetly. "Please. Harold F. Fletcher."

Reichert sorted again. "Nothing. Now get out of here, before I have you thrown out."

But Felix was inspecting his letter. It was from the division office, postmarked September seventh, two days after he had knocked Reichert down. With his mind racing, ignoring the storekeeper's hot glare and the truck driver's puzzled wonder, he deliberately ripped the end off the letter and dropped the scrap to the floor. As he read, he could feel his chest and throat getting tight with the lust for violence.

"Dear Mr. Mann," the letter went, "Knowing that for the past several years you have conducted a dairy business on Crane Lake Mountain, I imagine that you will be interested in a change of policy, effective at the beginning of the next season, which will affect you. It has been the consistent policy of this department to grant concessions in recreational spots so that the best interests of those centers will be served. Since the store facilities on Crane Lake are perfectly adequate, and since there have been, I am sorry to say, a number of complaints against both your milk and yourself, it has been decided that it will not be possible for you to deliver milk from door to door in future. You will, of course, have every right to conduct any sort of business you desire on your own land."

Slowly the dairyman folded the letter and buttoned it into the pocket of his flannel shirt. Then he lifted his eyes to Reichert.

"All right," Reichert said. "You've read your mail. Are you going to get out, or do we throw you out?"

Advancing to the counter, Felix put the tips of his fingers on it and leaned forward. "Suppose you try throwin' me out," he said.

Shoved furiously forward by Reichert, the truck driver hesitated, feeling the eruptive danger in Felix's little speckled eyes. Making up his mind, he swung his elbows against Reichert's pushing, and stopped. "I ain't got any call to fight," he said. "It's your fight. Whyn't you throw him out?"

"Atta boy!" said Felix, with grim pleasure. "Now you're talkin', boy. Why don't he?"

Shaking with rage, Reichert turned and darted into the back room, appearing again in a moment with a twenty-two rifle. "Now! You get out that door or I'll blow you full of holes!"

The rifle trembled so in his hands that he rested it on the corner of a low shelf. Felix leaned further over the counter and looked him in the eye over the sights of the gun. "Now you're mighty big and brave," he said in contempt. "But lemme tell you something. Don't you never, from now on, dast to come across my land or anywheres near it without that popgun, because if you do, I'll bust you like a paper bag."

"Get out!"

Very slowly Felix turned and walked to the door, opened it, and climbed into the truck without looking back. His mind was a white-hot seethe of hate. Reichert in his hair all summer, cutting him out of the wood business, slandering his milk, cuffing his kid, now taking his business away from him. And all of it legal! Every move he made he planned in advance and got it sanctioned at headquarters. There was not a thing that Felix could do to fight back, and at the thought of how humiliatingly helpless he was he gritted his teeth and ripped out oaths for a half-mile of reckless driving over the winding woods trail. I ought to go get a gun and blow his guts out, he thought. He looked at the knuckles that had cracked on Reichert's jaw, and the fierce satisfaction of that memory went through him like fire.

On the hogback of Fish Hawk Point he stopped the truck and looked back. The great log lodge, sprawling on the wooded shore—a symbol of Reichert's intrusion. The whole damn place is ruined, he thought. And so was Felix Mann. The business he had spent most of his life building up was lifted out of his hands in two or three moves by that jelly-bellied monopolist at the lodge.

He started the truck again viciously, drove for a time with reckless speed around the shoulder of the mountain. But by the time he reached home the fury had died out of him, leaving him serious, preoccupied, and monosyllabic. Not until after dinner, when the boys were stowed away in their bunk, did he bring out the letter and show it to Fletcher and Ruby. And he told of his second row with Reichert simply, without ornamentation or profanity.

"And he ran you out with a gun?" Fletcher said. "That's going pretty far."

The General and Wild Bill were bolt upright in their bed, listening prick-

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eared. "He wouldn't-a run me out," the General said. "I'd-a pulled his damn store down around his ears."

"I'd-a took that gun away from him and wrapped it around his neck," said Wild Bill. "I'd-a hit him so hard over the head with it his ankles would-a popped out-a joint."

"You shut up and go to sleep," Ruby said. "You wouldn't-a done nothing of the kind."

Fletcher, thinking over the alternative moves that Felix might make, let his worry show in his face. If the Manns stayed on, they certainly would dwindle more and more into poverty; if they moved to the valley, or sold out, they capitulated to Reichert, and one look at Felix was enough to convince him that the dairyman would never willingly do that. Besides, the ranch was no good now to anybody but Reichert. They couldn't sell it, unless to him.

"I can't see anything for you to do except move to the valley," Fletcher said, "and I'd hate to see you do that as much as you'd hate to do it."

"I know what I'd *like* to do," Felix said. "I got a bellyful-a this sittin' on my tail and watchin' Reichert spoil and gobble a whole mountain. What I'd like to do is hit for some new place like my old man did when the valley got full-a settlers. I want-a go somewheres where there ain't any rules tellin' you what you c'n do and what you can't. I'm gettin' sick-a this civilized stuff."

Reaching over, he picked up the Sears Roebuck catalogue from the window sill. It was still open to the pasteurizing units. Felix slapped it with the back of his hand in disgust. "I'd-a been hatin' myself for the rest-a my life if I'd softened up and put that in."

"I don't know," Fletcher said. "This running away looks as if you were whipped. You ought to be able to do something. Couldn't you trade your cattle in on some more saddle ponies and set up a dude ranch?"

"You know what would happen to that," Felix snorted. "Same thing that happened to the wood and the milk. Reichert'd get a permit to run a stable on the reserve, and what I'd get would be the drippings from his business."

"Well, put up cabins on your own land and entice some tourists down to this end, so you'll have your own clientele."

"I don't want 'em down this end. I'd shoot some of 'em before a week was up. They spoil ever'thing they touch."

Fletcher stole a glance at the bunk, where the two boys were supposed to be sleeping. Two pairs of eyes, as alert as the eyes of hawks, glittered at him over the gray blanket. Two more of them Fletcher thought. The same blood is in all of them. Those kids are as like Felix as hickory nuts on the same limb. But they're even wilder than Felix, fiercer, as untamed as mountain lions. They were exactly what he imagined their father must have been at their age, before the discipline of hard work and family responsibilities had calmed some of the fire in his veins.

And glancing at Ruby's face framed in its braids of black hair, the eyes steady, the head poised and still and erect, he felt the same fire of submerged savagery, like hot lava under a crust, not as tumultuous as the life in her husband and sons, but even hotter, even less amenable to control and regulation.

"Hey, I got an idee!" said the General suddenly. Then he shut up like a clam, would answer no questions, whispered instead to Wild Bill. The two snickered together in the bed.

"Why don't we hit for the timber?" Wild Bill said, after a prolonged whispered conference with Custer. "Then I could trap martens and make a lot-a dough." (*continued on page* 60)

Life in the U. S. . . Photographic

(*see page 32*)

1. FAIR WORKMEN, by Ben Schnall, 13 East Fortieth Street, New York. Mr. Schnall photographed these workmen on the roof of the Electrical Building with a 4 x 5 Graflex camera, Bausch & Lomb 7½" lens. Exposure 1/25 sec. at f11. K-2 filter.

2. FORD BUILDING, by Bob Leavitt. The agility of Mr. Leavitt was responsible for this excellent photograph. The workman silhouetted against the skyline suddenly appeared as he was setting up his camera. A Zeiss Ideal B was used, Dagor f/9 10cm. lens. Exposure 1/25 sec. at f22.

3. STEEL WORKER, by Richard Wurts, 15 East Fortieth Street, New York. Mr. Wurts waited half an hour for the cloud and the derrick to be in proper position. Made with Zeiss Super Ikonta B camera, Zeiss Tessar f2.8 8cm. lens. Exposure 1/50 sec. at f16. YG filter.

4. CONSTRUCTION, by Ben Schnall, 13 East Fortieth Street, New York. This striking photograph was taken on a sunny day with a 5 x 7 view camera, Turner-Reich 7½" lens. Exposure 1/10 sec. at f22. A filter used.

5. COBWEBS, by John Mills, Jr., 360 East Fifty-fifth Street, New York. Mr. Mills took this photograph with a Carl Zeiss Tessar, f4.5 15cm. lens. Exposure ½ sec. at f22.

6. CONTRAST, by Richard Wurts, 15 East Fortieth Street, New York. This view from the courtyard of the Business & Insurance Building, with the Theme Center in the backgound, shows the contrast between the delicate steel framework and the solid colonnade in the foreground. Zeiss Ideal B camera (9 x 12cm.), Zeiss Tessar f4.5 with a Zeiss Proxar wide angle lens. Exposure ½ sec. at f32. YG filter.

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Music and Records

The neglected question of fidelity: broadcast versus recording . . . Szell's Dvořák and Stokowski's Wagner

WORD seems to have reached the New York critics, after some months of attending Mr. Toscanini's Saturday-night concerts in NBC's "dead" studio, that, to quote Mr. Pitts Sanborn, one of the latest to be convinced, "the undeniable beauties of the score were lost largely in an acoustical dissolution of the whole into its several parts." Now when these respected gentlemen discover that the broadcasting company really does transmit the performances of the NBC Symphony Orchestra to any radio set tuned to the proper frequency, and elect to review these concerts from the point to which they are mainly directed, something may be said in the papers about the excessive leveling of the conductor's dynamics, the control-room monitoring (not heard in the studio) that raises volume and lowers it in places where Mr. Toscanini's intentions are just the opposite.

But the vagaries of critics and broadcasting engineers have been commented upon in these columns before, and I have no inclination to press the matter further except to point out the existence of a large number of exemplary phonograph recordings which some of the critics would do well to investigate. Familiarity with recorded music hasn't been a part of their equipment, but perhaps it isn't asking too much of them to lend an ear to such brilliant achievements as the Sibelius fifth symphony recording by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the fine repertoire of chamber music to which all of the companies have contributed much that is infrequently heard in concert.

I have no desire to shoot puny paper darts in the direction of a figure the world acclaims as the greatest conductor of our day, and whose interpretations I make every effort not to miss, but I must say that I am somewhat disconcerted by the cold evidence coming from my loud-speaker when I compare many NBC orchestra performances, recorded from the broadcasts, with readings of the same music by other conductors, provided by a large library of records. Matters of acoustics, dynamic range, and a wide diversity of tonal characteristics enter here, as well as individual temperaments and conceptions.

Here are challenges the musicologist of tomorrow can't ignore. And when the first-desk critics decide to pronounce judgment upon performances which are given wide and permanent publication, then will the general cause for music be advanced. A lot of purple prose, adulatory adjectives, and snap decisions will appear slightly incongruous when the object of their inspiration is available for ready reference.

*

If you will listen to the recently published recording of Dvořák's *Symphony No. 5 in E minor,* played by the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Georg Szell (Victor set No. M469), you will not be conscious of the sort of unyielding metronomic treatment Toscanini gave to this familiar work during a recent broadcast, but you will be tremendously impressed by the exceptional ardor, wholly appropriate to the work, with which these Bohemian instrumentalists infuse every bar of their countryman's masterpiece. How fresh and vibrant the playing here; precise, but with the accent on the spirit of the music rather than on the split-second timing of note values or the stressing of inner parts. This is Czech music; rather than a memento "From the New World," as Dvořák sentimentally dubbed his symphony with its pseudo-Negro themes, it becomes here a message from the "Old," and in it the gusto and independence of the Czech spirit is sentiently revealed.

*

It is useless to scoff at Dr. Stokowski's highly unorthodox treatment of the scores of Richard Wagner. On the contrary, after hearing his various symphonic syntheses of the music dramas of *The Ring,* and of *Tristan and Isolde,* I am more than ever convinced that this conductor is simply spurring Wagner's art on to its ultimate destination which, of course, is the movies, where the action of the plots, no longer limited to a few square feet of stage flooring, can at last be completely realized.

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Few opera goers understand the words anyway, so their amputation can offend only the perfect Wagnerite, and even he must admit that, in lieu of English subtitles, Stokowski's way of introducing the masses to long stretches of *Tristan and Isolde,* for example, will make more converts than the spectacle of a too-generously proportioned Isolde and a corpulent, perspiring Tristan making love in a language few comprehend.

There may be dissidence with the traditional opera-house interpretation, and irregularities in tempi or peculiar prominences given to generally unnoticed parts will never inspire a chapter on Wagner in a book, *Stokowski and Great Music,* which Mr. Lawrence Gilman will probably never write. But the spirit throughout, I maintain, is Wagner's. The "Love Duet" glows with the burning intensity the composer certainly desired, and the terrific climax of the *Liebestod* engenders the fierce anguish and fulfillment implicit in the text.

The recording is another masterpiece of fidelity, releasing every rivulet or dynamic swell of a magnificent sea of sound. The hand of Stokowski is apparent throughout, and special mention must be made of those individual artists, particularly among the woodwinds, whose playing is nothing short of virtuosity (Victor set No. M508).

*

There has been a demand for an up-to-date recording of Debussy's *Nocturnes,* and this Columbia supplies auspiciously with sensitive performances of not only the familiar *Nuages* and *Fêtes,* but also *Sirènes,* the infrequently heard sea-piece which completes this impressionistic triptych. For *Sirènes* the forces of the Orchestre des Festivals Debussy, Paris, conducted by D. E. Inghelbrecht, are augmented by a chorus of women's voices. The clear, light, transparent sonorities of Debussy's orchestration reproduce splendidly, and the interpretative temper is one of understatement rather than virtuosic emphasis, and this is as it should be (Columbia set No. 344). Other especially novel items on Columbia's list are the delightful *St. Paul's Suite* by the late Gustave Holst, played by the Jacques String Orchestra (Nos. 17113 & 17114); Liszt's set of piano pieces entitled *Venezia e Napoli,* played by Louis Kentner and superbly recorded (set No. X105); and a *Quartet in D, op. 45,* by the late Albert Roussel, one of his last and, I believe, best compositions, authoritatively performed by the Roth Quartet, for whom it was composed (set No. 339).

—Richard Gilbert

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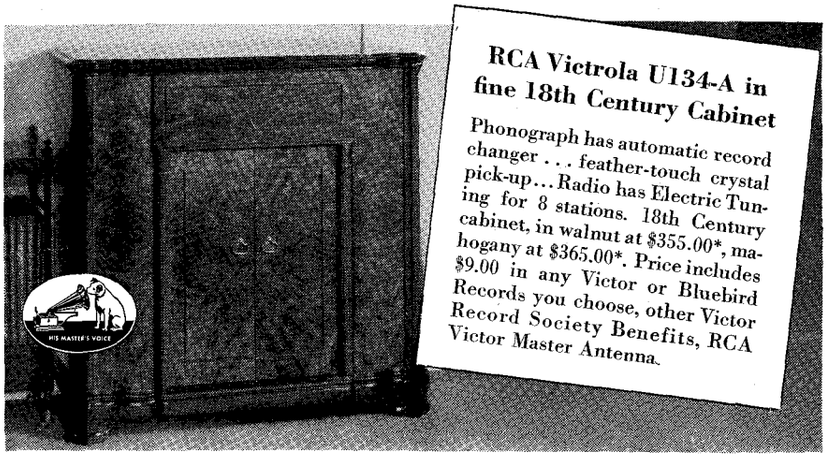

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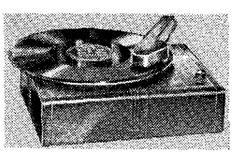

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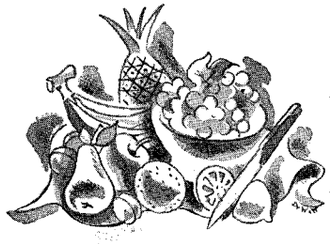

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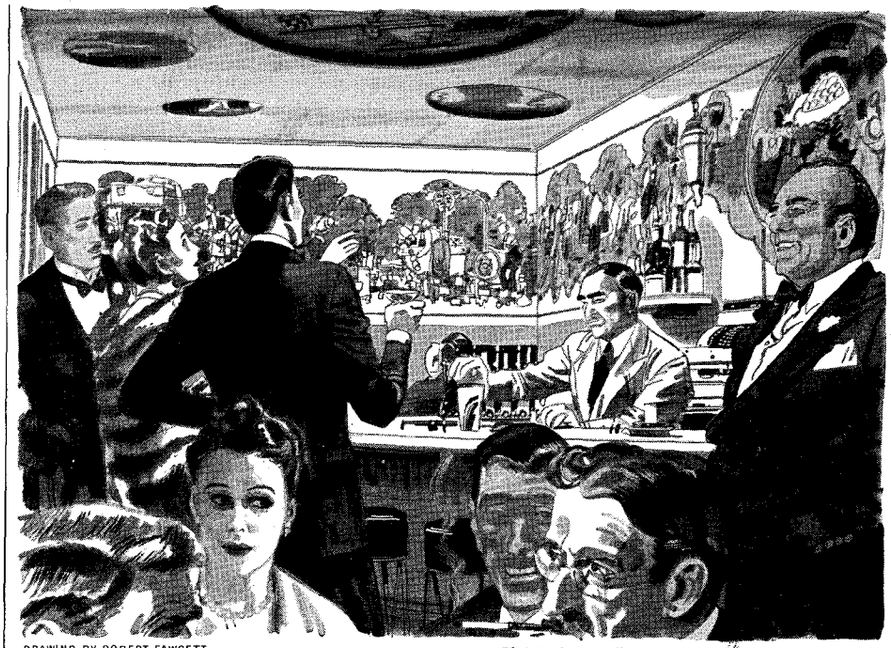

DRAWING BY ROBERT FAWCETT

Knickerbocker Bar on the "Empress of Britain"

Wines, Spirits, and Good Living

Crepes Suzette as prepared on the Normandie *. . . Petit Brûle, an after-dinner delicacy . . . concerning the Negus and its inventor*

NEXT to inquiries about how to differentiate good liquor from bad, the most numerous in my SCRIBNER'S mail concern the use of wines and spirits in cooking.

Probably the best known of all dishes of this type is Crêpes Suzette, in the preparation of which almost any combination of liqueurs may be used. The formula presented here—and it is the best one I know of—was given to me by Albert Lefebvre, maître d'hôtel of the S.S. *Normandie*.

In devising the correct way of preparing this famous dish, Albert had an important collaborator in the person of Olivier Naffrechoux, chief steward of the *Normandie* who, incidentally, was responsible for securing permission from the underwriters to make the dish aboard ship, a step made necessary by the use of the alcohol lamp. Between Olivier and Albert the following recipe was prepared, and if the instructions are followed with care, any amateur chef will be able to do the trick as well as a professional expert. The ingredients are given in proportions to serve twelve persons with four pancakes apiece.

CRÊPES SUZETTE

One pound of sifted flour
Ten eggs
Salt
One-quarter pound of powdered sugar
One-quarter pound of melted butter
One pint of fresh milk
Two liqueur glasses of rum
One vanilla stick
A few drops of orange-blossom flavoring.

Mix and sift dry ingredients in a large pastry bowl, stir in milk, add beaten eggs, melted butter and, last of all, the flavorings; continue beating thoroughly until batter is of thin consistency, making it possible to cook the crêpes very thin. Grease a hot pan slightly with melted butter applied with a pastry brush; heat pan, then pour a little of the batter and turn over as soon as it swells.

SUZETTE BUTTER

Rub fifteen pieces of sugar on the rinds of an orange and lemon; then when impregnated, put them in a deep silver dish, add the juice of one orange and one lemon; stir the whole thoroughly until liquid is absorbed and allowed to curdle in refrigerator.

LAST PREPARATION AT TABLE

Have at hand a spirit lamp, a silver platter, and all ingredients required; heat platter slightly; put in a tablespoon of Suzette butter; cook crêpes brown one at a time; turn each over; fold in four, and powder with sugar; then set alight with curaçao, kirsch, and fine champagne (brandy). Turn over while still alight; shake the platter to avoid fastening and let the flame extinguish itself;

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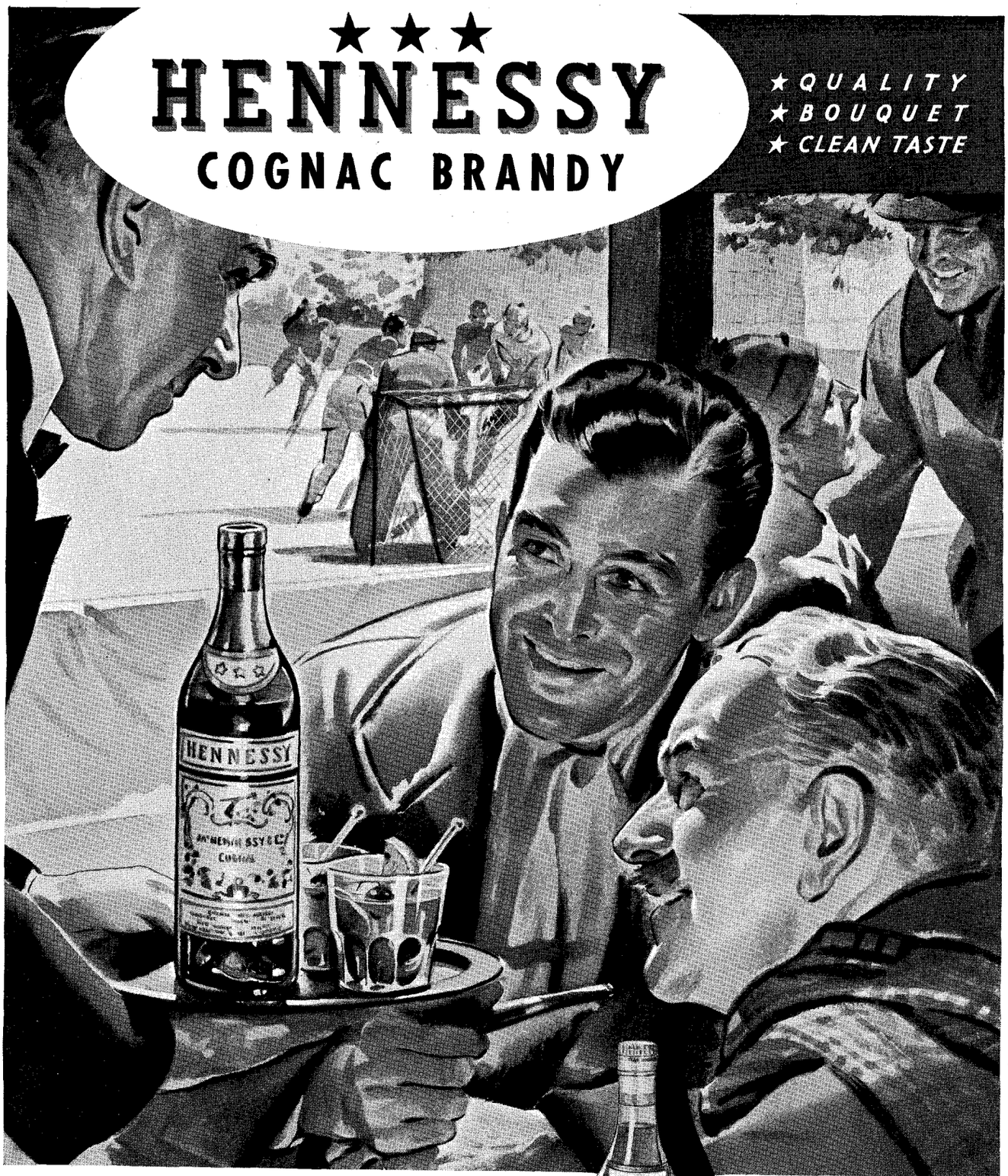

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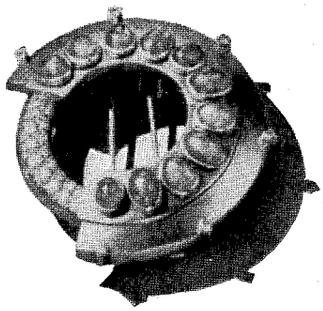

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turn the crêpes over once more and allow them to brown and reduce; then add, when off the spirit lamp, a sprinkling of maraschino.

Serve on very hot plates.

After the dessert, in order that your guests may fully appreciate the delicacy of what you have set before them, it might be well to substitute for the usual plain demitasse and cognac a wondrous combination of both, called the Petit Brûlé. It is a marvelous concoction, first sampled by me at the end of a diplomatic dinner in Madrid marking the end of the session of the Council of the League of Nations in the Spanish capital ten years ago. This is the way it is done.

Select thick-skinned oranges, one for each guest. Cut around the orange, then with a spoon handle loosen the peel from the orange almost to the end, and turn it inside out, making a cup. Now cut the orange from the cup, leaving half of the fruit with the cup on top. Then place the orange in a plate or saucer. Into the cup put one whole clove, a tiny bit of bay leaf, a small stick of cinnamon, and one lump of sugar, pouring over it all two tablespoons of the best brandy. The oranges are now brought to the table, the brandy is lighted until the spirit burns away, and the contents are poured into the coffee. The burning of the brandy in the orange peels gives a most delicious flavor.

Ask Mr. Fougner

QUESTION: What is the recipe for the Negus? [Requested by Sam P. Negus, of Brookline, Massachusetts, a descendant of the drink's inventor.]

ANSWER: Lieutenant Colonel Francis Negus of the Twenty-fifth (Suffolk) Regiment of Foot first made the drink some time in the early 1700's, and it was named after him by his messmates. Here is the recipe:

Pour half a bottle of port wine in a jug; rub ten lumps of sugar on the rind of a lemon; then squeeze the juice of the lemon and strain it, adding sugar and lemon juice to the port, with a little nutmeg. Add to this one quart of boiling water, cover the jug, and serve quickly while hot.

In early American days Negus was made in large portions, in accordance with the recipe given. It may be served, however, as an individual drink, in which case the proportion should be:

One teaspoonful of sugar, one wine glass of port, one twist of a lemon peel; fill the glass half full of boiling water, grate nutmeg on top, and serve piping-hot.

—G. SELMER FOUGNER

Answers to "Bethlehem Quiz"

(See page 43)

1. (b) A furnace in steel plant operation used to insure complete and uniform penetration of the heat. After the ingot molds have been removed, the glowing ingots are immediately transferred to the soaking pits where they are held at uniform heat prior to rolling.

2. (a) A structural steel beam with an I-shaped cross section.

3. (c) An iron founder. During part of his career, Stiegel was a prosperous and prominent iron founder with furnaces in Eastern Pennsylvania.

4. (c) The side plate which is bolted to the ends of adjacent railroad rails to hold them together.

5. (a) bobby pins (c) snaps (e) hair pins (f) handbag frames (i) compacts (k) lipstick cases (l) shoe eyelets. Feminine fripperies make up a sizeable proportion of the 2440 lbs. of steel per family consumed in this country in 1937.

6. (d) The decarburized skin or layer just beneath the scale of newly produced steel.

7. (d) Dendrite. These crystals have many branches and a tree-like pattern. They are also termed "pine tree" and "fir tree" crystals.

8. (a) Stamped from a sheet of cold metal.

9. (a & c) For reforestration and to landscape plant grounds; to stir molten metal and reduce the total amount of carbon in the steel.

10. Bethlehem Steel Company.

431 B. C.

In Sparta, yes:
Here are the archers, the chariots, the Lacedaemonians,
The pure Doric, born and bred to be soldiers,
Taken at seven into the camps, the battalions,
To learn the spear and the sword, the thrust and the counter,
To learn to kill or to die, both or either in silence.

No more songs; this is a world of trumpets.
Let the dances be warlike. There is no need of statues
Or poems now. This is Sparta, the army with banners.
The men of might, the lions, those who have glory.
They do not need other joys, they do not need the silver
Sweet flute of love in the garden at evening,
The laughter of children, the wise caresses of women,
Gentle and loving, the advice of sages, the songs of the poets.
Let Athens make poems,
Let her build statues, temples, hold her elections,
They will not help her. A soft breed, the Athenians.
Athens will fall. There will only be Sparta left;
Only the sword, the force of arms, and the saying
That what succeeds, succeeds. Live then, or die, in the triumph.

So will Sparta be remembered, the Spartans, the heroes,
The pure breed, Doric, the race without fear, without pity,
Be praised and remembered.

Perish, Athens. Be forgotten forever.

—ROBERT NATHAN

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Books

Biography's political flight . . . stock-taking after Munich . . . the month's novels . . . six good mysteries

Biography

From Elihu Root to Calvin Coolidge and on to Jim Farley and Fiorello La Guardia the course of biography this winter pursues a diverting political flight. Phillip C. Jessup's two-volume *Elihu Root* (Dodd, Mead, $7.50) is as nearly final as any study of a man who died less than two years ago can be. Technically it is a notable example of the manner in which a trained and diligent investigator can pick his way through the vast correspondence of public men deposited in the Library of Congress and elsewhere during the last decade. Root, the individual, is never lost in the politics of his time and, in the end, emerges clearly as the exemplar of a "pragmatic philosophy," whose "practicality was not opportunism." Although Dr. Jessup was Root's disciple, the Columbia professor does not have for him the partisan feeling that William Allen White manfully admits for Calvin Coolidge in *A Puritan in Babylon* (Macmillan, $3.50). Coolidge, in the eyes of his Kansas biographer, "was a perfect throwback to the primitive days of the Republic, a survival of a spiritual race that has almost passed from the earth"—a statement that may compliment Mr. Coolidge but not the early politicians. If Mr. White writes charmingly in the manner of the reminiscent senior editor, James A. Farley dictated his autobiography, *Behind the Ballots* (Harcourt, Brace, $3) much as a National Chairman would chat in a smoky room after the convention with fellow committeemen whom he trusted, and did not trust too much. Mr. Farley is candidly discreet. He talks of many things, even to the special issues of postage stamps, but the "plain, blunt man" has a suave avoidance of controversy. He mentions Harry Hopkins twice only, has nothing to say of Herman Oliphant, and ignores Felix Frankfurter. *This Man La Guardia* (Dutton, $3)—whose name barely gets into Mr. Farley's pages at all—is presented by Lowell Limpus and Burr Layson in a biography which makes no pretense to finality but reviews in sharp reportorial style a career that is epitomized, both for its yesterday and for its tomorrow, in the final sentence: "What he will do no one can predict." Of these four books, Jessup's is the most authoritative, White's the most entertaining, and Farley's of most immediate interest. Just now Roosevelt means more than La Guardia and far more than Coolidge.

The New England which Coolidge exemplified in chill and shrewdness is the background of Bertha Damon's *Grandma Called It Carnal* (Simon & Schuster, $2), the most charming biography of the season. Grandma Griswold of "North Stonefield" was the widow of a Union chaplain of the sixties and she had a certain dim kinship with the New Deal in that she subsisted on a Federal pension. In every other respect she lived austerely and painfully as became the daughter of Puritans. Her biography, done in clever, sketchy strokes, and suggesting more than it depicts, is an American *Cranford*. Grandma undoubtedly would have classed as carnal *Margaret Sanger: An Autobiography* (Norton, $3.50), a brave, revelatory book, the key to which is to be found in Mrs. Sanger's confession (p. 185): "I had to move people and persuade them emotionally."

What a country, what an age, that produced such a woman just one generation from Grandma Griswold, and offers Jim Farley and La Guardia in succession to Elihu Root!

—Douglas Southall Freeman

Fiction

We sometimes wonder why novels make up something like half the world's reading, so far as books go. It is not to be wondered at. For novels are more than a single department of literature. They are, next to newspapers, the fullest picture of human life in our age. Consider three of them which have just appeared, no one like the others, yet all in their different ways intensely true.

Black Is My Truelove's Hair (Viking, $2.50), by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, is in effect a prose folk-ballad which takes its title from an old song. Dena Janes, a girl tricked by a false lover, comes back

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This new type of book department begins in this issue. In preview it was hailed as "the most important book department in America."

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SHORT NOVEL COMPETITION

Scribner's Magazine is pleased to announce that it has joined with Random House, Inc., to sponsor a Short Novel competition. The purpose of the competition is to encourage authors to write Short Novels of between 15,000 and 25,000 words dealing with contemporary life in the United States. The five best Short Novels will be published in Scribner's Magazine and then will be brought out in one volume by Random House. The authors of these five winning manuscripts will be awarded $4000—to be divided into five equal prizes of $800 each—and will share in royalties earned by the book. For writers interested in this competition a memorandum of complete details has been drawn up and will be mailed on request. Address: Short Novel Competition, Scribner's Magazine, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

RANDOM HOUSE—SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

SHORT NOVEL COMPETITION

to her home, outgrows her grief and loss and fear, and finds a new love. The bare story is as simple as that. But the novel is not bare. The scene lies in a stylized Kentucky, richly, exquisitely imagined and reproduced. The characters are stylized, as in a poem which has such power over its raw materials as to transmute them into clear beauty and meaning. The plot is precise incidents, naturally interwoven. The lost thimble, the screaming gander, the cry of the barking owl (or hooting dog) seem not to have been invented but to come straight from life, which is stranger than anyone's invention. If they are symbolical, they are piquant too. Though Miss Roberts continually lifts her narrative above dry reality by the sensitive thought and wise speech of her men and women, they keep to the vernacular, however stylized, and so save themselves from ever becoming vague and cosmic. Such actions might have taken place anywhere, but you know that these took place unmistakably in Miss Roberts's Kentucky. She has given America an Arcadia, in which universal hearts have universal experiences in one pure, fresh locality.

Turn then to a landscape of smoke and steel, in Wessel Smitter's *F. O. B. Detroit* (Harper, $2.50). Here a Wisconsin lumberjack comes to work in the hurried tumult of what is called the Holt Motor Company. (Readers will think of a more familiar four-letter word than Holt.) Russ, the lumberjack, intends to work only long enough to get capital with which to go back to a freer life. The factory swallows him, and a wife and child hold him to his job. Yet he cannot be naturalized to mechanical routine. This is not his tempo, and it is bound to be his tragedy, as it is in the end: "a sick eagle, looking at the sky." Mr. Smitter, a new novelist, gives Russ a special quality by putting his story in the mouth of Bennie, who loves his friend as a hero but who himself is perfectly native to their machine setting, and content with it. Reading, you never lose sight of the ironical contrast between the two men, and you hardly know whether to pity the rebellious hero or the contented slave. You feel terror of a present which, all around us, subdues more and more men to roaring treadmills.

If Miss Roberts deals in a sense with the past, and Mr. Smitter with the present, André Malraux in *Man's Hope* (Random House, $2.50) regards the future. Technically, the novel is a series of crowded scenes in the Spanish Revolution, shown from the side of the Loyal-

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ists. Little that is true of the war can have been left out. To read this is to come as close as a man may do without fighting. But the book does not exist for its battle pieces. Wounds are taken for granted, deaths hardly counted. The soldiers love Spain so truly they seldom speak about it, and they waste no time in blind hate of their enemies. No fervor can be enough for their situation. Fervor at best is short-lived. They must "organize the apocalypse." Most of the characters who speak are reflective and articulate, and they have been hitherto of many minds. The Revolution has drawn them into a common aim, not only for the Spanish future, but also for the whole destiny of mankind. Tyrannical systems, fighting for the mastery of men, have forgotten the men. How shall they survive the dreadful conflict, with what loves, hates, sympathies, devotions? These questions, with answers to them, are the essential concern of *Man's Hope*. In the midst of one of the most merciless of wars, it does what it can to lay its emphasis always on immortal humanity. —Carl Van Doren

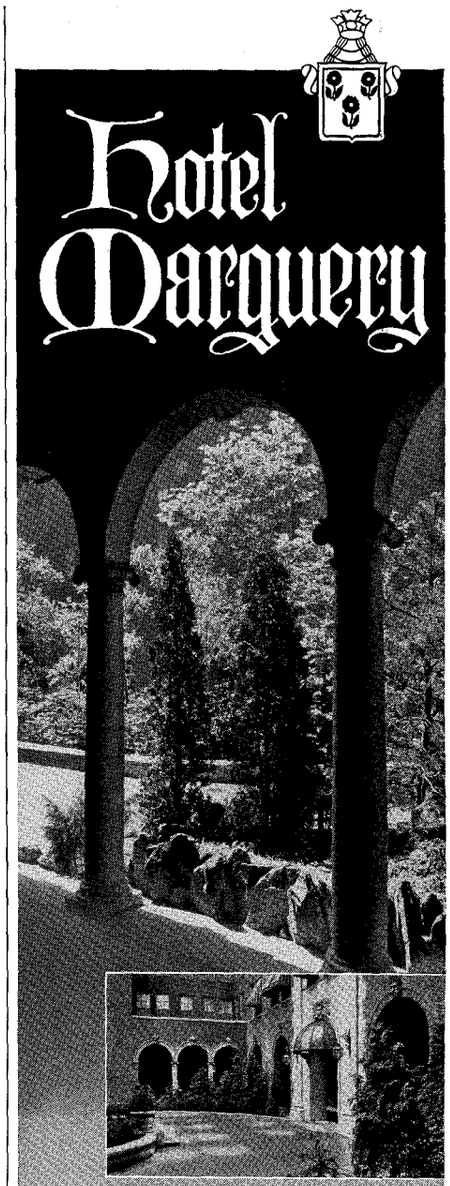
Foreign Affairs

Now that the nightmare of war in Europe has passed, we may be sure that the morning after will bring volumes of reflection. Chamberlain has already been put on the carpet and public opinion, in this country certainly, has found a thousand reasons why he should have acted otherwise. But clearly there is no sense in viewing the Munich episode as an isolated phenomenon. To understand the world situation, you must take a larger view and see the tribulations of the present as the fruit of the past. William Orton's *Twenty Years' Armistice, 1918–1938* (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50) is a splendid bit of stock-taking which reviews the so-called peace-making of 1919 and its development during the succeeding fifteen years. To my mind the author is absolutely hitting the bull's-eye when he points out that "the League was amply equipped, at least on paper, to resist change; it was not at all equipped, not even on paper, to bring it about." The victor nations attempted to perpetuate their victory and to exploit it to the full, but "what had really undermined the *status-quo* system was not the might of Hitler nor the hesitancy of England, but the amount of injustice at its very roots. Every triumph of the Third Reich—the return of the Saar, the reoccupation of the Rhineland, the Nazification of Danzig, the absorption of Austria—was won upon ground of which the moral foundations were so rotten that foreign opinion could not be forced up to the point of war against change." This is a well-informed and altogether sane book, which can be highly recommended even to those who know it all.

In all this business it is England that has gotten it in the neck. The time-honored epithet of "perfidious Albion" is current again, and Chamberlain is put down as either traitor, or coward, or fool. Those who hold this view will find ample ammunition for their argument in Robert Briffault's *The Decline and Fall of the British Empire* (Simon & Schuster, $2), a lively bit of debunking of English history which concludes that British postwar policy, wholly in the tradition of self-righteous self-service, "is the basest, most contemptible, and most criminal recorded in history." According to Briffault, we have just been witnessing a farce, for your English feudal gentlemen and industrial plutocrats aim at only one thing, the isolation and defeat of communist Russia. If the Fascist powers are willing to take the job, so much the better; England will give not only its blessing, but more substantial compensation besides.

Compton Mackenzie's *The Windsor Tapestry* (Stokes, $3.75) takes much the same line to prove another point. In almost six hundred pages he reviews the development of England since 1894 and the career of the Duke of Windsor. His telling attacks upon English conservatism in politics and in the Church serve at the same time as a defense of the Duke and an explanation of the denouement of 1936. Reconsideration of the rather irregular marital history of the House of Hanover helps to whitewash Edward, and the whole book, though too long, makes interesting and illuminating reading. And the same holds of William B. Ziff's *The Rape of Palestine* (Longmans, Green, $3.50), a thoroughly documented reconsideration of the history and problem of the Palestine mandate and at the same time a burning indictment of British policy. Ziff demonstrates that British officialdom is as anti-Semitic as Hitler and that fear of allegedly Jewish communism, in Palestine as well as in Russia, has conditioned British action. What Whitehall now looks to is not a Jewish state, but a federated Arab Empire to serve as Turkey did in the past as a bulwark against Bolshevism.

Supposing that all this is so, Americans ought to take heed. They will, in fact, do well to peruse *Before America Decides,* edited by Frank P. Davidson and George S. Viereck, Jr. (Harvard University Press, $3). The book is a



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collection of essays by well-known authorities surveying the bases and main problems of American foreign relations.

—William L. Langer

Mysteries

Out of the current crop of mysteries, these six stand out:

Trent Intervenes, by E. C. Bentley (Knopf, $2). All lovers of literary crime may be grateful for the fact that when that splendid novel, *Trent's Last Case,* appeared, Mr. Bentley didn't say *positively.* Here in *Trent Intervenes,* Mr. Bentley has done something valuable for detective fiction. He has been at once episodic and exciting, at once casual and satisfying. Suavity and melodrama, leisureliness and suspense, go hand in hand. The twelve stories are far above the ruck, with never so much as a veiled insult to the reader's intelligence.

Murder Will Speak, by J. J. Connington (Little, Brown, $2). An epidemic of poison-pen letters leads to the murder which Sir Clinton Driffield is called upon to solve in this excellent example of English detective fiction. Both glandular disturbances and radio are mixed up in it, and it's rather unsavory at times; but the way the letter writer is exposed, and the method by which the culprit is at last identified, make first-class reading for those who enjoy a good puzzle intricately worked out.

The Crooked Hinge, by John Dickson Carr (Harper, $2). This is undoubtedly Mr. Carr's best book and, indeed, shares laurels with the best detective stories of the past year. Dr. Fell, Chestertonian detective of other Carr stories, corners the murderer.

Death Sends a Cable, by Margaret Taylor Yates (Macmillan, $2). Most books about the FBI special agent have accentuated the bloodier aspects of his profession. But here he comes into his own, in a well-devised and brightly written story of strange deaths at Guantánomo Bay. Agent Bill Duncan is helped no end by Mrs. Hugh McLean—the nurse "Davvie" of Mrs. Yates' earlier stories—and the international gang is, for once outside of Oppenheim, composed of credible people.

Three Bright Pebbles, by Leslie Ford (Farrar & Rinehart, $2). An arrow extinguishes the life of Rick Winthrop on one of those Maryland estates that are filled with lovely ladies—all with slim, lithe bodies—and handsome men. A number of impeccably groomed and ancestored folks come under suspicion, but grave Dr. Birdsong and his dog finally make it too hot for the murderer. Well worked out and remarkably pleasant reading—but lacking both in the chill of earlier Ford Stories and a detective as interesting as John Primrose.

Challenge to the Reader, by Ellery Queen (Stokes, $2.50). A comprehensive and good anthology of 25 detective stories ranging from Conan Doyle to Dashiell Hammett—chosen with care and an alert understanding of mystery material. In fact, it's so good an anthology that I could easily dispense with the dubious "game" idea of having the protagonists bear substituted names to test the reader's wit. But once you have made your own index and pasted it in on the flyleaf, you will possess a satisfying and up-to-date collection—interspersed with several unfamiliar yet authentic inclusions.

—S. S. Van Dine

Art

After two decades of debasing confusion in art, during which the evils of presumptuous mediocrity were foisted on a bewildered public, we have had, of late, a marked return to more estimable standards of endeavor. This salutary tendency on the part of artists and writers alike is characterized by its repudiation of "pure form" and "esthetic impeccability" as practiced by the various modernist sects, and by its insistence on the fact that the artist is part and parcel of his period and his environment. This return to first principles is beautifully illustrated in the current crop of art publications by two books of conspicuous merit—*Goya,* by Charles Poore (Scribners, $3.50), and *Toulouse-Lautrec,* by Gerstle Mack (Knopf, $5).

Both books are biographical rather than critical, and both are examples of sound scholarship, painstaking accuracy in historical matters, and an intelligent conception of the purpose and meaning of art. Of the two, the Goya is decidedly superior in its reconstruction of the background and in its convincing presentation of a great personality. Mr. Poore writes with exceptional energy, always vividly and often with brilliance. At times, in his determination to uncover the real Goya behind the incredible libertine of romantic legend, he interrupts his narrative with skeptical discussions which, though damaging to the old familiar escapades, do not remove the possibility of such adventures. But he has created a living figure in a living environment, and his book, in this particular, is not likely to be superseded for a long time. Mr. Mack, for all his diligence and his knowledge of the French Bohemia of Toulouse-Lautrec, is not so successful as a biographer. His difficult subject, a physical deformity and a dipsomaniac, but a great artist unmistakably, almost defies belief and remains a shadowy little monster in a world of depravity and sensual excesses.

Last, there is *Sky Hooks* (Lippincott, $3.50), the autobiography of John Kane, an immigrant day laborer who painted naïve pictures of unquestionable originality. Kane's story, dictated in his last years to Marie McSwigan and recorded by her with all the elements of discretion and good sense, is the extraordinarily moving confession of a "modern primitive" whose pictures, after his death, won the suffrage of the intellectuals.

—Thomas Craven

One Last Wilderness

(continued from page 51)

"I could have a gun and shoot bears," the General said.

"Someday," Felix said, a little wearily, "somebody'll beat you two tough guys to death with a sock full-a soft mush. Go on to sleep."

"Huh!" the General said. The whispering began again.

Finally Fletcher rose. "I guess I'll turn in. I've got to pack tomorrow."

"Comin' back next year?"

"Maybe. There's still a little work I could pretend I was doing."

"You'll prob'ly have to stay at Reichert's," Felix said. "Better bring along a soup and fish and a lot-a boiled shirts."

"I know one thing I'm going to do. I'm going to stop at the division office and see if anything can make them change their minds."

"You'll find the whole office with little buttons in their button holes, sayin' 'I am Reichert's little man.' "

Felix seemed so unnaturally troubled, so lacking in his usual boisterousness, that Fletcher was glad to get away. He went through the chilly dark to his tent, wondering if the dairyman was going to keep on in his mood of cynical defeatism. He hoped not, and he thought

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not, because he could think of Felix only in terms of wilderness toughness. When he went down it ought to be with his teeth in somebody's throat. And before he went to sleep he remembered the fierce, alert eyes of the boys over the rim of their blanket, and was reassured. There was no danger of lack of spine in that family.

IX

It was afternoon before Fletcher finished striking his tent, packing his boxes, and loading the car. Felix had been around the house most of the day, puttering and thinking. When Fletcher came over after stowing away the last bundle, Felix led him off up into the draw.

"Well, I made up my mind," he said. "I'm gonna put in a stable."

"Good. As I thought it over again last night I hoped you'd see it that way."

"I'm gonna put up another corral right up here," said Felix. "And this winter I'm gonna catch me some wild horses down in the Parker Range. Henry can use the cows."

For a moment he stood looking at the ground, thinking. "And I'm gonna put up a couple of cabins. I c'n get one up before snow flies, and the other'n before the season opens next spring."

"You don't look very happy about it," Fletcher said. "Need any money?"

"No, I c'n swing her. But I don't like it. It don't bother Reichert none to spoil a whole mountain, but it bothers me. Only thing good about it is it's better'n lettin' him run me off."

"Well, good luck," said Fletcher. "I'll stay to supper, if I may. Then I'll pull down to Richland and leave in the morning from there. Anything I can do for you in town?"

"Naw. I'm takin' some more cows down tomorrow or next day. But you c'n come back here next year, anyway."

"I will," Fletcher said. "I want to."

For most of the morning, after the chores were done, Wild Bill and Custer had been off together in the woods. They appeared briefly for lunch, carried in a few armfuls of stovewood, and vanished again. Now they came down through the draw under the thin gold of the aspen, saw their father and Fletcher standing in the clearing, and with something sly and cunning in their faces and movements, shied off into the timber again.

"What's the matter with them two?" Felix asked, looking after them.

"They look as if they had daggers under their cloaks," Fletcher said.

"I'll have to watch them little suckers." Felix grinned. "When they look like that they got some devilment in their heads."

At supper the two were still conspiratorial, saying little and sneaking knowing glances at one another. Before the others were through, Wild Bill jerked his head at Custer and the two slipped away from the table.

"Hey, where you goin'?" Felix said.

"Oh, just outside," said Wild Bill.

Five minutes later the others found them sitting disconsolately on the step. General Custer was looking up at the dark massed clouds that obscured the west. "Hell, it looks like it's gonna rain," he said.

His father cocked a weatherwise eye skyward. "Oh, not for a while. It'll take that four five hours to come to a head."

The boys perceptibly brightened. "Think so?" Wild Bill said hopefully.

"Lemme tell you something," said Felix. "In this country, in the fall, she never rains in a hurry. She builds up slow and she lasts a long time. Spring rain, now, that comes on 'fore you can reach for your slicker."

"Well, that's all right then."

"All right for what?"

"Oh, nothin'."

"Maybe I'd better get on my way," Fletcher said. "I'd like to get down that dugway before it breaks."

"You got plenty-a time," Felix said. "Sit around awhile."

They sat quietly talking for more than an hour, while the darkness from sky and land drew slowly together, until the mountain was a dense shadow above them. Only over the lake, like a pale pearly scarf, the light lay still. At last Fletcher rose to go. It was not till then that they noticed that the boys were gone.

"Now where could they be?" Felix asked suspiciously. "They had something on their minds all day."

"Last I saw them they were going down the corral," Ruby said.

"Damn it to hell," Felix said. "I bet I know. I bet they're plannin' to bust into Reichert's. I yanked the General out-a that candy case a dozen times. That's where they are. They think they'll make a cleanin' and get even with Reichert for me at the same time."

"They wouldn't steal," Fletcher said in disbelief.

"The hell they wouldn't steal. They'd steal from him, anyway. I bet you a dollar the mare's gone out-a that corral."

The three of them walked down across the oozy spring until the corral bars loomed up in the opaque near-dark. The sorrel mare was gone.

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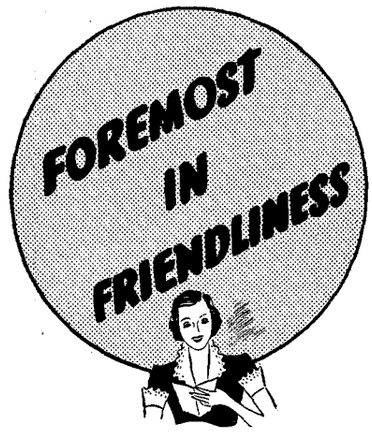

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"I'm going right by there," Fletcher said. "If they're around, I'll send them home."

"I'm goin' down that far with you," Felix said. "Them little suckers gonna get a hidin' they won't forget for a while."

As they drove around the flat, the pearly twilight over the narrows faded to impenetrable dark, and the headlights bored into absolute starless blackness. It was not until they were climbing the ridge of the point that they saw the red glow on the clouds. Fletcher's first thought was of a forest fire. Around the point he stepped on the gas, the two of them watching anxiously. The dull red was concentrated on one spot of the low ceiling of cloud.

"If that's a fire, it ain't spread far," Felix said.

But when they turned the point and looked out over the main basin there could be no question of what it was. Reichert's lodge was afire. Fletcher's foot slapped down on the throttle, but in a moment he slowed up and pulled the car to the side of the road and stopped. "Well?" he said. With his left hand he turned off the headlights so that they could see better.

It was plain, even at that distance, that nothing could save the building. Flames were leaping high off the broad porches into the lurid clouds, and beyond and above those, higher and higher and dimming and scattering, the sparks soared in meteor showers. In the glare the boat houses and the rows of cabins were flame and velvet, brilliant highlight and impenetrable shadow.

"It might not of been them," Felix said finally, "but it damn near sure was."

"But where are those kids now?" Fletcher said worriedly. "What had we better do, go down there and look for them or just let them come back on their own? The watchman might have caught them."

"He'd have to be cagier'n he is to catch them two," said Felix calmly. "Let 'er burn! That old guy prob'ly never even seen 'em. He allus sleeps a couple hours after supper. The kids knew that."

"Any danger he'd be caught in it?"

"Naw. He sleeps down in the boathouse."

"But, my God," Fletcher said. "We've got to do something! This is arson, you know that? They can lock those kids up for life. They might even pin it on you. Reichert would try to."

"They ain't lockin' either me or the kids up even for one day," Felix said. "I'm damn glad this happened. I wonder I didn't think of it myself."

"What are you going to do? Sit here all night?"

"Listen!" Felix said sharply, raising a finger.

On the road ahead they heard the swift tattoo of hoofs. With instant celerity, timing it perfectly, Felix reached over and switched on the headlights. A block ahead of them a galloping horse with two tiny figures clinging to it shied suddenly on the dead run, buck-jumped like a deer into the sage, and vanished.

Felix turned off the lights again and chuckled. "Lookit them little devils ride," he said. "That jump would-a piled me."

Fletcher contemplated that statement in amazed silence. The dairyman, at a time like this, could chuckle, could feel pride in the horsemanship of two fierce little demons who had just committed gross arson, who had definitely and forever put an end to their family's life on the mountain, who had jeopardized their own and their father's freedom. In the moment of contemplating that violent act of his sons, Felix had lost his depression, lost his almost hangdog air. Now he was in complete command of himself and his destiny, calm and assured and chuckling.

The fire down the lake roared higher. With the window open they could hear it like wind in timber, and out from the lodge in a wide half-circle the lake was dull red. Flame swooped down from the roof in a sudden flaw of wind, rayed out in pennants of crimson, and licked at the roof of the store. In a terrifyingly short time the whole building was ablaze. Then, with abrupt violence, the whole front of the store lifted in a streaming parabola of flame, lifted and hung and fell, while the sky writhed with streamers of white and violet. A moment later the air around the truck shook with the heavy explosion.

"Gas pumps," Felix said, with satisfaction. "Maybe we better get on back to the ranch."

Feverishly Fletcher turned the car, cursing when the front wheels bumped against the bank and the kick hurt his wrist. Felix was ruined for good now. That spectacular violence would almost surely be blamed on him, and the dairyman would certainly not prove an alibi by blaming it on his sons.

"You'll have to get out of the country, Felix."

"Sure. C'n you give me a hand tonight?"

"Of course," Fletcher said, irritated by the other's calm. "What are you going to do?"

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"What I been wantin' to do for a long time," Felix said. "Now ain't you glad I never told nobody about that lake-a my old man's?"

"But it's winter!" Fletcher protested. "Almost, anyway. You've got a baby, and a couple of kids, and a wife."

"That don't cut no ice," said the dairyman imperturbably. "They c'n stand anything I can."

Ruby met them in the doorway, straight and tall against the light. "Gotta pack up," Felix said. "On the jump. Perfessor, maybe you better unload your stuff from your car. We'll need 'em both."

"Where we goin'?" Ruby asked.

"Tall timber," said her husband, stopping for a second to grin at her. "The kids burned Reichert's lodge down."

"Where are they?"

"They'll be along," Felix chuckled.

With only that explanation Ruby turned to her packing. Fletcher, coming in panting from his hurried unloading of the car, found all the bedding rolled, canned goods going into a flour sack, and a pile of clothes thrown over the dismantled bed. Ruby was tying a half-dozen little round cheeses into a blanket. She asked no questions, did not worry over what to take and what to leave behind. She simply threw necessities together, and after a half-hour of silent, hurried work, Fletcher's car was loaded, and the two men were lugging things down to the truck.

"This is more'n we really need," Felix said, dumping the cheeses and a bundle of clothes into the truck. "But we c'n make a cache just up Short Creek and get it when we want it. We won't dast show a nose around here till middle-a winter."

"You'll freeze to death, the bunch of you," said Fletcher. "What'll you do for a house?"

"I c'n throw together a shanty in three days. Don't you worry, Perfessor. This is what I been itchin' to do for a hell of a while."

The last bundle was loaded, the sleeping baby was wrapped and laid on a pile of bedding in the box of the truck, and still the boys had not appeared. "Let's go down to the chicken house," Felix said. "They're prob'ly hangin' around in the brush. I got some candles there I want-a get, anyway."

They went down to the corral again, feeling their way in the dark. The air was heavy and oppressive with withheld rain. Outside the corral bars something moved, and Felix went forward. It was the sorrel mare. He put out a hand, felt her wet coat and the heave of her flanks. Looking around him, Felix whistled. There was no answer, but in the black stillness something rustled. The dairyman nudged Fletcher with an elbow, and Fletcher knew he was grinning. "Well, hell, let's go," Felix said loudly. "I was gonna take 'em along, even if they did set that fire, but this settles it. They can stay here and wait for the cops."

When they got back up to the cabin Wild Bill and the General were standing inside the door, looking half-defiant and half-afraid. Their father wasted no words on them. "Get on down and climb in that truck. We gotta pull out-a here."

They went. Ruby, with a worn old coat around her, looking briefly around her home, picked up a spool of thread from the table, put it in her pocket, smiled slowly, and followed them. Felix shut the door.

"There's another thing," Fletcher said. "How are we going to find this lake in pitch dark, when I wasn't able to find it in broad daylight?"

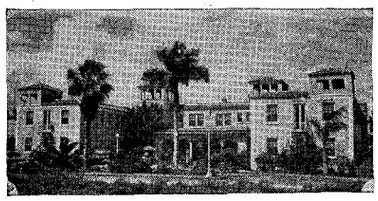
"I c'n find it," Felix said. "You trail me up Twelve Mile till I stop, and then you cinch up your belt and tag along."

"Okay, you're the doctor." He stood for a minute before the dark house, heard the thin rattle of aspen leaves, the first sough of the coming storm up the draw. Down below, the truck started, and the lights cut out across the brush along the spring. On the run, feeling helpless and impotent and dependent, Fletcher made for his car and pulled out after the others. The dog, he discovered, was asleep in the seat beside him.

X

He had never been in such absolute inky blackness as hung on that timbered mountainside. Ahead of him Felix's flashlight stabbed the dark occasionally as he took his bearings, but generally they fumbled along completely blind, Felix first, then the boys, then Ruby carrying the baby, then Fletcher stumbling under a load of foodstuff. All of them were loaded, even the dog, with a couple of blankets tied around his middle. He prowled just beside Felix, and the abrupt tiny burst of light once in a while turned his eyes into glowing green points.

The mountain was steep, and Fletcher would have been grateful for longer rests, especially after the fever of packing and the stiff labor of caching the surplus household goods under a great lava boulder several blocks back in the woods from the Twelve Mile road. But always there was Ruby's hand reaching



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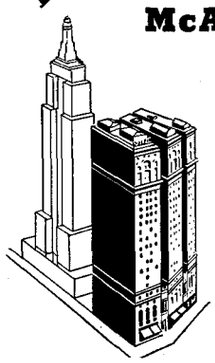

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back in the dark to guide him upward. Several times they stood momentarily, listening for the burble of the hidden stream, and once as they stood thus the night was split by the yowl of a mountain lion so close it made Fletcher's skin crawl. The dog growled, a deep, menacing rumble, and Fletcher could imagine the hair stiff as spines along his back. Felix chuckled in the dark ahead, and his derisive voice came back. "I wonder if the game-census boys got that baby tagged."

But that, Fletcher thought as they started again, didn't matter. This mountain was too black, too utterly lost, too wild, for comfort, and as his fatigue and confusion grew, his admiration for the dairyman and his silent wife grew also. No one, he knew, could find his way up so tricky and black a mountain, with no sign of a trail, no guide but the phantasmal murmur of underground water and the occasional stab of a flashlamp that picked out trees and rocks in staring brilliance and then gave them back to the unrelieved night. Yet Felix found his way; by ear, by scent, by some obscure instinct, he led them through the trackless timber until they stood on level ground and he saw by the beam of the light that they were at the fork of the spring. Fletcher hadn't even known they had picked up the surface stream again until that moment. He set his burden down and rested, panting, unable at four feet to see more than a vague blur where one of the others stood.

"Think you could-a found your way, Rube?" he heard Felix say.

"Sure," said Ruby. "It's easy to here."

Easy! Fletcher thought. Easy! Good Lord, what's it going to be from here on?

But in a moment more, before he had got his wind, Felix was leading off again, directly into the impenetrable shadow of the timber. With the bundle like an anvil on his back, Fletcher followed Ruby's guiding hand, snagging the pack on limbs, running his face into matted prickly needles, groping at a crouch with lungs afire from the swift scramble up the mountain. The timber was like a dense hedge that he had to shoulder, buck, tear through, and wherever he turned his face there were clawing branches. Then Ruby's hand touched him again, motioning him down on hands and knees. "Crawlin's the easiest way to get through this," she said. And they crawled, for heaven only knew how long, under the ground-hugging branches of alpine spruce so tightly interlocked that he didn't know it was raining until she stopped him and he found himself in the open. The light darted downward to reveal dark, rain-dimpled water.

"Well Perfessor," Felix chuckled. "Still think she don't exist?"

"I'm still in doubt. If this isn't a nightmare then I never dreamed."

Upon him, as strong as any emotion he had ever felt, was the sense of complete isolation, of untouched wildness, of danger and the dark. They stood alone in the midst of a wilderness otherplanetary in its loneliness, cold and rain-swept and pierced by the cries of beasts, rustled with the sly movements of wild things. Above them a sky as black and close as the treetops, below them an unseen lake known to no one else on earth. For companions he had a family incredibly, primitively self-reliant, people who found their way like prowling animals in the dark. How Ruby had got that baby through the tangle of timber he would never know. He would never, he knew, believe it when he remembered this night. Curiously he reached over and touched the baby's face, ran his fingertips over the brows. The eyes were closed. Sleeping!

"This is swell!" the General said.

"How about that lion back there?" asked Wild Bill. "I guess that about shook you out-a your pants."

"Like fun. I ain't a-scared-a no lions. They're cowards. They dassent fight a man."

"I s'pose you're a man!" Felix said. "You did a man-sized job tonight, I tell you that. From now on you settle down and work your tail off. If I don't beat it off first. What'd you go and burn down that lodge for?"

"'Cause old Reichert's a buzzard!" the General said. "He slapped my ears once, remember?"

"He run you out with a gun, too," said Wild Bill.

"Don't you know," their father said, talking into the dark, "that Reichert's got that place insured to hell and gone? He'll come up next year and build her all over again."

"Then I'll go burn it down again," said the General promptly.

"Well," Felix said. "Maybe you're right, General. That's the way your granddad would-a done it. But before you get through this winter you'll wisht you had a little-a that fire you built."

"I ain't a-scared," said Wild Bill.

"Neither am I," said the General.

"Come on," Ruby said. "We're wasting time. Mr. Fletcher's got to get back."

With the rain on their heads they felt their way cautiously around the bank, stumbling in the crumbled lava

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rock. It was lighter now, and Fletcher could make out the vague outline of the shore and the black wall of spruce. At an opening where a tiny spring came in, a grassy little bay wet with rain sunk back into the surrounding forest, Felix stopped and dumped his pack.

"Okay. You keep the flashlight, Rube. You kids get on out and cut a lot-a spruce boughs. Better make a little lean-to tonight, so we c'n sleep dry. I'll be back with another load in a couple hours."

"I don't need the flashlight. I'll use candles. It ain't windy."

"All right. Dig in and get to sleep. Don't wait up for me."

"I'll be up," said Ruby calmly.

Fletcher found his way to her and shook her hand. "Good-by, Ruby. The best of luck."

"That's mighty kind of you," Ruby said. "You've been good to us."

"Good-by, kids."

"So long," said the boys in chorus.

"Don't let the bears eat you goin' back," the General said. He moaned aloud in simulated terror, with a burble of laughter behind the moan.

Then the two men were feeling their way back along the bank, into the tangled, exasperating, many-armed timber, down through the level stretch along the creek, down and down and down an impossible distance of tortured mountainside. They went wordlessly until, with the rain soaking them now, they stood in the little cove in Twelve Mile where they had parked the cars.

Felix climbed into the car and sat with Fletcher a minute. He fished a soggy pack of cigarettes from a shirt pocket and they smoked. "Well," Felix said, "I never expected to move so quick when I moved, but there we are."

"I hope you never have to go anywhere like that in as big a hurry again."

"No danger. I c'n hole up there the rest-a my life if I want to. But you c'n do me a favor, Perfessor."

"Sure."

"You c'n take this truck back and park it in the yard. That's the best for now. And when you go on down you c'n stop in at Henry's, just outside Richland, on the reservoir, and give him the key. Tell him to come up and get the stock and the rest-a the stuff in the shack. He better not try seein' me yet. I'll get word to him after the yellin' dies down."

"How'll I get the truck back?" Fletcher asked. His mind was tired, he was confused. Things had happened too fast, and there had been too much hard work in the rain and dark. His legs were already stiffening, and as his face dried he felt the deep scratches tightening in his cheeks.

Felix said, "I got a tow chain in back. We'll just snub her up short behind your car and you c'n tow her down."

Stiff and sleepy, Fletcher dragged himself out of the car, helped Felix snub the two cars together securely, and stood in the rain shaking hands with the dairyman.

"I'm sorry your fight with Reichert had to end like this, Fix. I was hoping you'd stick it out and run him into the ground."

"I got what I want," said Felix. "Let him have what he wants. The kids sort-a evened my score with him. They might not-a hurt him much, but they give him a headache. Well, so long, Perfessor. You been a white man."

Under the slanting invisible rain they shook hands again, and Fletcher climbed into the car. As he stooped to fumble for the ignition key he heard a loud, unstifled yawn from the dairyman. In the midst of that oppressive isolation, that inhuman waste of rock and timber that he had to go through and to live in, that yawn was the grossest impudence. A fugitive, run like a fox into a hole, condemned to face the winter and the rest of his life in a crude shanty on a lost lake in the midst of a pathless wilderness, Felix yawned as heartily and as unconcernedly as if he were sitting at the table at home and were rising to go to bed.

And all the way back down the canyon, all the way up the trail to the deserted ranch, Fletcher found himself thinking of that yawn and that impudence with an amazed and pitying admiration. In the morning he would have explanations to make, lies to tell, but he didn't bother now to smooth out a story. His whole mind was at rest, tired as his body, but relaxed and satisfied. Felix had got what he wanted, after all, and at whatever expense. With his fierce and self-reliant family around him, he was throned like a king in the middle of one last wilderness. He might have gone on bucking Reichert, and all Reichert stood for, but his end would have been poverty and desperate dissatisfaction. Circumstances, and those demonic boys, had been kind, had forced him into what he might not otherwise have done. The modern world had crowded him until he fought it, but there was no hope in that battle. Felix's one solution was to run, as his father had run, to another frontier.

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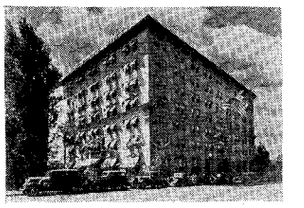

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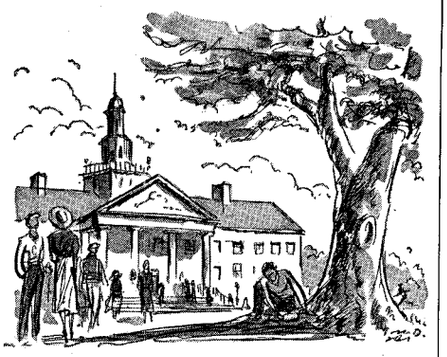

Hutchins vs. Cowley

Robert M. Hutchins and William H. Cowley do not agree. Hutchins is president of the University of Chicago and in recent years the ring-tailed wonder of American education. Cowley is the new president of Hamilton College who, in his inaugural address, took issue with Hutchins on educational theory.

Hutchins has consistently advanced the theory that colleges should concentrate on developing the student's mind, should try, above all, to make him a thinker. This theory, says Cowley, is inadequate today. He believes that colleges should turn out a well-rounded person, trained mentally, spiritually, and physically to meet life's complexities.

We cannot hope to do these ideas justice here, but we want to say something about the education of the two protagonists who personalize the issue.

Both Hutchins and Cowley were born in 1899, the former in Brooklyn, New York, the latter in Virginia. They both attended Brooklyn public schools. Hutchins entered Oberlin College in 1915 and left after two years to serve in the U. S. Ambulance Corps overseas. Cowley went to Dartmouth in 1920, was editor of *The Daily Dartmouth* and chairman of a committee appointed to report on education in that college.

When Hutchins returned to America he entered Yale University, where he was captain of the debating team, head of a co-operative student tutoring bureau, and a member of Phi Beta Kappa. After graduation, he studied in, and later became dean of, the Yale Law School.

After leaving Dartmouth, Cowley did personnel work for the Bell Telephone Laboratories, and in 1925 entered the University of Chicago for graduate study in psychology and political science. Soon he was put in charge of student personnel at the University.

In the fall of 1929 Hutchins left Yale to take over the presidency of the Uni-

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versity of Chicago, and Cowley left Chicago to head Ohio State's personnel program, a position he held until his recent move to Hamilton College.

Here are parallels and divergencies. But both men are energetic and articulate, and however far apart they may stand, they should make healthy contributions to American education.

Native's Return

A few weeks ago Mark Sullivan, venerable newspaperman, went to West Chester, Pa., and served for a day as guest editor on the daily *Local News,* for whose now-defunct rival he covered his first news story fifty years ago.

The town gave him a brass-band welcome. He applied for a job on the paper, got it after a stiff interview, and wrote an editorial which barely made the noon deadline. Later he spoke at the West Chester State Teachers College, from which he graduated in 1892.

To 1500 students assembled to hear him he said: "To be able to think for yourself, to reflect, to arrive at correct conclusions—that is more valuable to you than the sum of all the information and all the miscellaneous messages and slogans that pour in upon you."

Interesting counsel from the man who has written the six volumes of *Our Times,* probably as full of information, miscellaneous messages, and slogans as any document we have. Whatever Mr. Sullivan's conclusions have been, he is qualified to tell students of the stuff from which conclusions are drawn.

Quotation of the Month

"The most feasible and enduring way of harmonizing the interests of the group with those of the individual is . . . to adapt education to the abilities, interests and needs of each individual pupil . . . In the school of the future the failure of teachers to study their pupils' individual characteristics—to 'learn' their pupils before they attempt to teach them —will almost certainly be recognized as a social reproach if not a legally defined offense."—Dr. Ben B. Wood of Columbia University.

—R. B.

The Scribner Quiz — Answers

(see page 24)

1. A medal (2)
2. In cranberry bogs (3)
3. "I've broken my collarbone!" (1)
4. The Federal Fair Labor Standards Act (4)
5. Around her hair (5)
6. The purchase of Alaska (1)
7. Fair Enough (3)
8. History of the Civil War (2)
9. Wilhelmina (5)
10. Tolled at John Marshall's funeral (1)
11. Chairman of the American President Lines (3)
12. Sparks (2)
13. Mt. Palomar (4)
14. In a covered dish with scant water (3)
15. Mayor of the City of Birmingham (1)
16. A buss [meaning a kiss] (4)
17. She docked without tugs in New York (2)
18. The headlights of autos on highways (1)
19. The heat-producing value (3)
20. Northern Pacific (2)
21. Speedboat racing (1)
22. Thoroughly chewing one's food (3)
23. Ringing or whistling in the ears (2)
24. A place for keeping or raising cats (1)
25. Elsa Maxwell [exact tonnage unknown] (3)
26. Atlantic fishing-schooner races [name of the U. S. boat] (3)
27. Bull fiddle (5)
28. Lucknow [It's in India] (4)
29. Tercentenary (4)
30. Manufacturing cosmetics (4)
31. The dawn hours after the paper has gone to press (4)
32. Howard Spring (1)
33. Estivators (2)
34. Overturned in the Chicago River (3)
35. An airplane cannot run backwards (4)
36. Billy Rose (3)
37. *Graf Zeppelin* (1)
38. West Virginia (4)
39. The northeast coast of the mainland of South America (2)
40. A loupe (1)
41. $5,600,000,000 (4)
42. Russia [By the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, March, 1918] (4)
43. Plymouth (2)
44. *Listen! the Wind* (4)
45. Examine its leaves (1)
46. John D. Rockefeller (3)
47. Mobilgas (4)
48. Its width (3)
49. The blood circulates (2)
50. 64 (4)

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Dogs in the Field

The usual custom upon entering the new year is to look ahead, but this month we want first to look into the recent past and review one of the most encouraging developments in the kennel world.

We refer to the amazing growth of field trials. No longer is the scene dominated by the pointers and setters. Retrievers—Labradors, Chesapeake Bays, golden, flat, and curly-coated—have made remarkable strides. Springer and cocker spaniels likewise have a long list of events and trophies.

During the past year there were trials for the above-mentioned breeds as well as basset hounds, beagles, dachshunde, foxhounds, wolfhounds and coonhounds. Even fanciers of the short-legged Sealyham terrier stirred when they saw the photo of a Sealyham pack which had hunted in England, so do not be surprised if terrier packs become an addition to this popular display of dog utility. When one adds to the above all the breeds (eighty-odd) which have shown an aptitude for training in the now established obedience tests held at almost every dog show, one realizes the vast advance which has been made by dog the worker over dog the shower.

*

The orchid of the month goes to the German Shepherd Club of New England. Seeking a method by which they could more clearly define the faults and set up the correct standard for their breed, the enthusiastic members of this body filmed 1200 feet of motion pictures which they now are distributing, at a cost rental, to clubs interested in the breed. We might recommend this educational plan to all other breed clubs.

*

The glamorous Westminster Kennel Club dog show this year is to be held February 13–14–15 at Madison Square Garden. Since the entry limit of 3000 must again be enforced, it would be wise to forward your entries as soon as you are certain your dogs will be in condition to show. Referring to our early theme, incidentally, Westminster is another major show which has gone over to the obedience-test feature to present dog utility. A special competition between men and women handlers and their dogs has been listed with team prizes. It should prove a popular innovation to spectators who have become all too accustomed to seeing dogs primped and powdered at Westminster.

—ARTHUR E. PATTERSON

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